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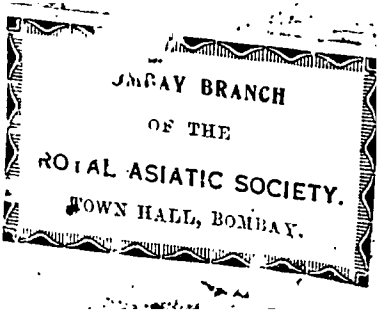

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M.B.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

52619

THE POETICAL AND DRAMATIC WORKS OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M. B.

A NEW EDITION.

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF THE AUTHOR.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY H. GOLDNEY,
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J. MURRAY, IN FLEET-STREET; AND
J. DEBRETT, PICCADILLY.

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TO

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

SIR,

I AM happy in having your permiſſion to inſcribe to you this complete edition of the truly poetical works of your late ingenious friend OLIVER GOLDSMITH. They will prove a laſting monument of HIS GENIUS.

Every lover of ſcience muſt deeply lament that this excellent writer, after long ſtruggling with adverſity, finiſhed his mortal career juſt as his reputation was firmly eſtabliſhed, and he had acquired the friendſhip of SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, DR. JOHNSON, MR. EDMUND BURKE, the DEAN OF DERRY, MR. BEAUCLERC, and MR. CUMBERLAND, names which ARORN our age and nation.

It is, Sir, being merely an *echo* of the PUBLIC VOICE to celebrate *your* admirable productions,

"*In which to lateſt times the artiſt lives.*"

Had

Had Dr. Goldſmith underſtood the art of painting, of which he modeſtly declares himſelf ignorant, his pen would have done juſtice to the merits of your pencil—he choſe a nobler theme, by declaring his ardent affection for the *virtues of your heart.*

That you may long continue, Sir, the ornament of your country, and the delight of your friends, is the ſincere wiſh of,

Your moſt obliged,

Humble ſervant,

Strand, Jan. 1, 1780. T. EVANS.

CONTENTS

TO

VOLUME THE FIRST.

	PAGE
LIFE of Oliver Goldſmith, M. B.	i
Epitaph on Dr. Goldſmith, by W. Woty	1
Commendatory verſes	lii
Prologue, written and ſpoken by the Poet Laberius	3
Double Transformation, a tale	5
A new Simile, in the manner of Swift	10
Deſcription of an Author's Bed-chamber	13
Letter, addreſſed to the Printer of the St. James's Chronicle	17
The Hermit, a Ballad	19
Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog	26
Stanzas on Woman	28
Traveller, a Poem	29
Deſerted Village a Poem	54

The

PAGE

The Gift — 74
Epitaph on Dr. Parnel — 77
Epilogue to the Siſters — 78
The Haunch of Veniſon, a Poetical Epiſtle 81
Song, from the oratorio of the Captivity 89
Song — 90
The Clown's Reply — 91
Epitaph on Edward Purdon — 92
Elegy on Mrs. Mary Blaize — 93
Retaliation, a Poem — 95
Song — 107
Mr. Boſwell's Letter — ib.
Prologue to Zobiede, a Tragedy — 109
Epilogue — 112
The Logicians refuted — 115
Stanzas on the taking of Quebec — 118
On a beautiful Youth ſtruck blind by Lightning 119
Sonnet — 120

MEMOIRS

MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M.B.*

"THE life of a ſcholar," Dr. Goldſmith has remarked, "ſeldom abounds "with adventure; his fame is acquired in

* In the Memoirs, which were publiſhed in London, ſoon after the death of Dr. Goldſmith, were ſeveral miſtakes, with reſpect to our author's age, the time of his admiſſion into the college of Dublin, &c. which are here corrected from accurate information.

"ſolitude, and the hiſtorian who only "views him at a diſtance, muſt be con- "tent with a dry detail of actions by "which he is ſcarce diſtinguiſhed from "the reſt of mankind: but we are fond "of talking of thoſe who have given us "pleaſure, not that we have any thing "important to ſay, but becauſe the ſub- "ject is pleaſing."

Oliver Goldſmith, ſon of the reverend Charles Goldſmith, was born at Elphin, in the county of Roſcommon in Ireland, in the year 1729. His father had four ſons, of whom Oliver was the third. After being well inſtructed in the claſſics, at the ſchool of Mr. Hughes, he was admitted a ſizer in Trinity-college, Dublin, on the 11th of June, 1744. While he reſided there, he exhibited no ſpecimens of that genius, which, in his maturer years,

years, raiſed his character ſo high. On the 27th of February, 1749. O. S. (two years after the regular time) he obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Soon after, he turned his thoughts to the profeſſion of phyſic; and, after attending ſome courſes of anatomy in Dublin, proceeded to Edinburgh, in the year 1751, where he ſtudied the ſeveral branches of medicine under the different profeſſors in that univerſity. His beneficent diſpoſition ſoon involved him in unexpected difficulties; and he was obliged precipitately to leave Scotland, in conſequence of having engaged himſelf to pay a conſiderable ſum of money for a fellow-ſtudent.

A few days after, about the beginning of the year 1754, he arrived at Sunderland, near Newcaſtle, where he was ar-

reſted at the ſuit of one Barclay, a taylor in Edinburgh, to whom he had given ſecurity for his friend. By the friendſhip of Mr. Laughlin Maclane and Dr. Sleigh, who were then in the college, he was ſoon delivered out of the hands of the bailiff, and took his paſſage on board a Dutch ſhip to Rotterdam, where, after a ſhort ſtay, he proceeded to Bruſſels. He then viſited great part of Flanders; and, after paſſing ſome time at Straſbourg and Louvain, where he obtained a degree of Bachelor in phyſic, he accompanied an Engliſh gentleman to Geneva.

It is undoubtedly a fact, that this ingenious, unfortunate man, made moſt part of his tour on foot.* He had left England

* "Countries wear different appearances to travellers of different circumſtances. A man who is whirled

land with very little money; and, being of a philoſophical turn, and at that time poſſeſſing a body capable of ſuſtaining every fatigue, and a heart not eaſily terrified by danger, he became an enthuſiaſt to the deſign he had formed of ſeeing the manners of different countries. He had ſome knowledge of the French language, and of muſic; he played tolerable well on the German flute; which, from an amuſement, became at ſome times the means of ſubſiſtence. His learning produced him an hoſpitable reception at moſt of the religious houſes that he viſited; and his muſic made him welcome to the peaſants of Flanders and Germany.

whirled through Europe in a poſt-chaiſe, and the pilgrim who walks the grand tour on foot, will form very different concluſions. *Haud inexpertus loquor.*"

Goldſmith's *Preſent State of Learning in Europe*, 1758.

"Whenever I approached a peaſant's "houſe towards night-fall," he uſed to ſay, "I played one of my moſt merry "tunes, and that generally procured me "not only a lodging, but ſubſiſtence for "the next day: but, IN TRUTH" (his conſtant expreſſion) "I muſt own, when-"ever I attempted to entertain perſons of "a higher rank, they always thought my "performance odious, and never made "me any return for my endeavours to "pleaſe them."

On his arrival at Geneva, he was recommended as a proper perſon for a travelling tutor to a young man, who had been unexpectedly left a conſiderable ſum of money by his uncle Mr. S******. This youth, who was articled to an attorney, on receipt of his fortune determined to ſee the world; and, on his engaging with

with his preceptor, made a proviſo, that he ſhould be permitted to govern himſelf: and our traveller ſoon found his pupil underſtood the art of directing in money concerns extremely well, as avarice was his prevailing paſſion.

During Goldſmith's continuance in Switzerland, he aſſiduouſly cultivated his poetical talent, of which he had given ſome ſtriking proofs at the college of Edinburgh. It was from hence he ſent the firſt ſketch of his delightful epiſtle, called the TRAVELLER, to his brother Henry, a clergyman in Ireland, who, giving up fame and fortune, had retired with an amiable wife to happineſs and obſcurity, on an income of only forty pounds a year. The great affection Goldſmith bore for this brother, is thus expreſſed in

the poem abovementioned, and gives a ſtriking picture of his ſituation.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, ſlow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor,
Againſt the houſeleſs ſtranger ſhuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forſaken lies,
A weary waſte expanding to the ſkies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to ſee,
My heart untravel'd fondly turns to thee:
Still to my brother turns, with ceaſeleſs pain,
And drags at each remove a length'ning chain;
Eternal bleſſings crown my earlieſt friend,
And round his dwelling guardian ſaints attend;
Bleſt be that ſpot, where chearful gueſts retire,
To pauſe from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Bleſt that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every ſtranger finds a ready chair;
Bleſt be thoſe feaſts with ſimple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around,
Laugh at the jeſts or pranks that never fail,
Or ſigh with pity at ſome mournful tale;

Or

Or preſs the baſhful ſtranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

From Geneva Mr. Goldſmith and his pupil proceeded to the ſouth of France, where the young man, upon ſome diſagreement with his preceptor, paid him the ſmall part of his ſalary which was due, and embarked at Marſeilles for England. Our wanderer was left once more upon the world at large, and paſſed through a number of difficulties in traverſing the greateſt part of France. At length his curioſity being gratified, he bent his courſe towards England, and arrived at Dover, the beginning of the winter, in the year 1758.

His finances were ſo low on his return to England, that he with difficulty got to the metropolis, his whole ſtock of caſh amounting

amounting to no more than a few halfpence! An entire ſtranger in London, his mind was filled with the moſt gloomy reflections in conſequence of his embarraſſed ſituation! He applied to ſeveral apothecaries in hopes of being received in the capacity of a journeyman, but his broad Iriſh accent, and the uncouthneſs of his appearance, occaſioned him to meet with inſult from moſt of the medicinal tribe. The next day, however, a chymiſt near Fiſh-ſtreet, ſtruck with his forlorn condition, and the ſimplicity of his manner, took him into his laboratory, where he continued till he diſcovered that his old friend Dr. Sleigh was in London. That gentleman received him with the warmeſt affection, and liberally invited him to ſhare his purſe till ſome eſtabliſhment could be procured for him. Goldſmith,

ſmith, unwilling to be a burden to his friend, a ſhort time after eagerly embraced an offer which was made him to aſſiſt the late Rev. Dr. Milner, in inſtructing the young gentlemen at the academy at Peckham; and acquitted himſelf greatly to the Doctor's ſatisfaction for a ſhort time; but, having obtained ſome reputation by the criticiſms he had written in the Monthly Review, Mr. Griffith, the principal proprietor, engaged him in the compilation of it; and, reſolving to purſue the profeſſion of writing, he returned to London, as the mart where abilities of every kind were ſure of meeting diſtinction and reward. Here he determined to adopt a plan of the ſtricteſt œconomy, and, at the cloſe of the year 1759, took lodgings in Green-Arbour-court in the Old Bailey, where he wrote ſeveral ingenious pieces. The late Mr. Newbery, who,

who, at that time gave great encouragement to men of literary abilities, became a kind of patron to our young author, and introduced him as one of the writers in the Public Ledger, * in which his *Citizen of the World* originally appeared, under the title of "Chineſe Letters."

Fortune now ſeemed to take ſome notice of a man ſhe had long neglected.

* During this time, (acording to another account) he wrote for the Britiſh Magazine, of which Dr. Smollet was then editor, moſt of thoſe *Eſſays* and *Tales*, which he afterwards collected and publiſhed in a ſeparate volume. He alſo wrote occaſionally, for the Critical Review; and it was the merit which he diſcovered in criticiſing a deſpicable tranſlation of Ovid's *Faſti* by a pedantic ſchoolmaſter, and his *Enquiry into the Preſent State of Learning in Europe*, which firſt introduced him to the acquaintance of Dr. Smollet, who recommended him to ſeveral literati, and to moſt of the bookſellers by whom he was afterwards patronized.

The

The ſimplicity of his character, the integrity of his heart, and the merit of his productions, made his company very acceptable to a number of reſpectable perſons; and, about the middle of the year 1762, he emerged from his mean apartments near the Old Bailey to the politer air of the Temple, where he took handſome chambers, and lived in a genteel ſtyle. Among many other perſons of diſtinction who were deſirous to know him, was the Duke of Northumberland, and the circumſtance that attended his introduction to that nobleman, is worthy of being related, in order to ſhew a ſtriking trait of his character. "I was invited," ſaid the Doctor, "by my friend Percy, to wait "upon the Duke, in conſequence of the "ſatisfaction he had received from the "peruſal of one of my productions. I "dreſſed myſelf in the beſt manner I "could,

"could, and after ſtudying ſome compli-
"ments I thought neceſſary on ſuch an
"occaſion, proceeded on to Northum-
"berland-houſe, and acquainted the ſer-
"vants that I had particular buſineſs with
"his Grace. They ſhewed me into an
"antichamber, where, after waiting ſome
"time, a gentleman very elegantly dreſſed
"made his appearance: taking him
"for the Duke, I delivered all the fine
"things I had compoſed, in order to com-
"pliment him on the honour he had done
"me; when, to my great aſtoniſhment,
"he told me I had miſtaken him for his
"maſter, who would ſee me immediately.
"At that inſtant the Duke came into the
"apartment, and I was ſo confounded on
"the occaſion, that I wanted words barely
"ſufficient to expreſs the ſenſe I entertain-
"ed of the Duke's politeneſs, and went
"away

" away exceedingly chagrined at the blun-
" der I had committed."

The Doctor at the time of this visit was much embarrassed in his circumstances, but vain of the honour done him, was continually mentioning it. One of those ingenious executors of the law, a bailiff, who had a writ against him, determined to turn this circumstance to his own advantage; he wrote him a letter, that he was steward to a nobleman who was charmed with reading his last production, and had ordered him to desire the Doctor to appoint a place where he might have the honour of meeting him, to conduct him to his Lordship. The vanity of poor Goldsmith immediately swallowed the bait; he appointed the British Coffee-house, to which he was accompanied by his friend Mr. Hamilton, the printer of the Critical Review,

view, who in vain remonſtrated on the ſingularity of the application. On entering the coffee-room the bailiff paid his reſpects to the Doctor, and deſired that he might have the honour of immediately attending him. They had ſcarce entered Pall-mall, in their way *to his Lordſhip*, when the bailiff produced his writ. Mr. Hamilton generouſly paid the money, and redeemed the Doctor from captivity.

The publication of his *Traveller*, his *Vicar of Wakefield*, and his *Hiſtory of England*, was followed by the performance of his comedy of *The Good-natured Man* at Covent Garden theatre, and placed him in the firſt rank of the poets of the preſent age.

Our Doctor, as he was now univerſally called, had a conſtant levee of his diſtreſt coun-

countrymen, whoſe wants, as far as he was able, he always relieved; and he has often been known to leave himſelf even without a guinea, in order to ſupply the neceſſities of others.

Another feature in his character we cannot help laying before the reader. Previous to the publication of his *Deſerted Village*, the bookſeller had given him a note for one hundred guineas for the copy, which the Doctor mentioned, a few hours after, to one of his friends, who obſerved it was a very great ſum for ſo ſhort a performance, "In truth," replied Goldſmith, "I think ſo too; it is much "more than the honeſt man can afford, "or the piece is worth; I have not been "eaſy ſince I received it; I will therefore "go back and return him his note:" which he actually did, and left it entirely

to the bookſeller to pay him according to the profits produced by the ſale of the poem, which turned out very conſiderable.

The author addreſſes this poem to his friend Sir Joſhua Reynolds. He writes in the character of a native of a country village, to which he gives the name of Auburn, and which he pathetically addreſſes. He then proceeds to contraſt the innocence and happineſs of a ſimple and a natural ſtate with the miſeries and vices that have been introduced by poliſhed life, and gives the following beautiful apoſtrophe to retirement.

" O bleſt retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care that never muſt be mine;
How bleſt is he who crowns, in ſhades like theſe,
A youth of labour with an age of eaſe;

Who

Who quits a world where ſtrong temptations try,
And ſince 'tis hard to combat learns to fly.
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
No ſurly porter ſtands in guilty ſtate,
To ſpurn imploring famine from his gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While reſignation gently ſlopes the way;
And all his proſpects brightning to the laſt,
His heaven commences ere the world be paſt!"

The deſcription of the pariſh prieſt (probably intended for a character of his brother Henry) would have done honour to any poet of any age. In this deſcription the ſimile of the bird teaching her young to fly, and of the mountain that riſes above the ſtorm, are not eaſily to be paralleled. The reſt of the poem conſiſts of the character of the village ſchool-

maſter, and a deſcription of the village alehouſe, both drawn with admirable propriety and force; a deſcant on the miſchiefs of luxury and wealth; the variety of artificial pleaſures; the miſeries of thoſe who for want of employment at home, are driven to ſettle new colonies abroad, and concludes with the following beautiful apoſtrophe to poetry.

"And thou ſweet poetry, thou loveliеſt maid,
Still firſt to fly where ſenſual joys invade;
Unfit in theſe degenerate times of ſhame,
To catch the heart, or ſtrike for honeſt fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My ſhame in crowds my ſolitary pride;
Thou ſource of all my bliſs, and all my woe,
That found me poor at firſt, and keep'ſt me ſo;
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurſe of every virtue, fare thee well."

The

The Doctor did not reap a profit from his poetical labours equal to thoſe of his proſe. The Earl of Liſburne, whoſe claſſical taſte is well known, one day at a dinner of the Royal Academicians, lamented to the Doctor his neglecting the muſes, and enquired of him why he forſook poetry, in which he was ſure of charming his readers, to compile hiſtories, and write novels? The Doctor replied, "My Lord, by courting the muſes "I ſhall ſtarve, but by my other labours, I "eat, drink, have good cloaths, and en-"joy the luxuries of life."

During the laſt Rehearſal of his comedy, intitled, *She Stoops to Conquer*, which Mr. Colman thought would not ſucceed, on the Doctor's objecting to the repetition of one of Tony Tumpkin's ſpeeches, being apprehenſive it might injure the play, the manager, with great keenneſs

replied, "Pſha, my dear Doctor, do not "be fearful of *ſquibs*, when we have been "ſitting almoſt theſe two hours upon a "*barrel of gunpowder*." The piece, however, contrary to Mr. Colman's expectation, was received with uncommon applauſe by the audience; and Goldſmith's pride was ſo hurt by the ſeverity of the above obſervation, that it entirely put an end to his friendſhip for the gentleman who made it.

The ſucceſs of the comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer* produced a moſt illiberal perſonal attack on the author in one of the public prints*:—that it was highly invidious

*To Dr. Goldsmith.

Vous vous noyez par vanité.

SIR,

THE happy knack which you have learnt of puffing your own compoſitions, provokes me to come forth. You have not been the editor of news-papers and

dious any perſon will allow, when he reads The Traveller, called a *flimſy* poem, and

and magazines, not to diſcover the trick of literary *humbug*. But the gauze is ſo thin, that the very fooliſh part of the world ſee through it, and diſcover the Doctor's monkey face and cloven foot. Your poetic vanity, is as unpardonable as your perſonal; would man believe it, and will woman bear it, to be told, that for hours the great Goldſmith will ſtand ſurveying his groteſque Oranthotan's figure in a pier glace? Was but the lovely H——k as much enamoured, you would not ſigh, my gentle ſwain, in vain. But your vanity is prepoſterous. How will this ſame bard of Bedlam ring the changes in praiſe of Goldy! But what has he to be either proud or vain of? The *Traveller* is a flimſy poem, built upon falſe principles; principles diametrically oppoſite to liberty. What is the *Good-natur'd Man*, but a poor, water-gruel, dramatic doſe? What is the *Deſerted Village*, but a *pretty* poem, of eaſy numbers, without fancy, dignity, genius, or fire? And pray what may be the laſt *ſpeaking pantomime*, ſo praiſed by the Doctor himſelf, but an incoherent

piece

The Deſerted Village, ſaid to be without *fancy, dignity, genius,* or *fire.* Enraged at this

piece of ſtuff, the figure of a woman, with a fiſh's tail, without plot, incident, or intrigue? We are made to laugh at ſtale, dull jokes, wherein we miſtake pleaſantry for wit, and grimace for humour; wherein every ſcene is unnatural, and inconſiſtent with the rules, the laws of nature and of drama, viz. Two gentlemen come to a man of fortune's houſe, eat, drink, ſleep, &c. and take it for an inn. The one is intended as a lover to the daughter; he talks with her for ſome hours, and when he ſees her again in a different dreſs, he treats her as a bar girl, and ſwears ſhe ſquinted. He abuſes the maſter of the houſe, and threatens to kick him out of his own doors. The ſquire, whom we are told is to be a fool, proves to be the moſt ſenſible being of the piece; and he makes out a whole act, by bidding his mother lie cloſe behind a buſh, perſuading her, that his father, her own huſband, is a highwayman, and that he is come to cut their throats; and to give his couſin an opportunity to go off, he drives his mother over hedges, ditches, and through ponds. There

this abuſive publication, Dr. Goldſmith repaired to the houſe of the publiſher, and after remonſtrating on the *malignity* of this attack on his character, began to apply

There is not, ſweet ſucking Johnſon, a natural ſtroke in the whole play, but the young fellow's giving the ſtolen jewels to the mother, ſuppoſing her to be the landlady. That Mr. Colman did no juſtice to this piece, I honeſtly allow; that he told all his friends it would be damned, I poſitively aver; and from ſuch ungenerous inſinuations, without a dramatic merit, it roſe to public notice: and it is now the *ton* to go to ſee it; though I never ſaw a perſon that either liked it or approved it, any more than the abſurd plot *of the Home's* tragedy of *Alonzo*. Mr Goldſmith, correct your arrogance! reduce your vanity; and endeavour to believe, as a man, you are of the plaineſt ſort; and as an author, but a mortal piece of mediocrity.

Briſe le miroir infidele
Qui vous cache le vérité.

TOM TICKLE.

ply his cane to the ſhoulders of the *publiſher*, who making a powerful riſiſtance, from being the *defenſive* ſoon became the *offenſive* combatant. Dr. Kenrick, who was ſitting in a private room of the publiſher's hearing a noiſe in the ſhop, came in, put an end to the fight, and conveyed the Doctor to a coach. * The papers inſtant

ly

* Dr. Kenrick was ſaid to be the author of the attack, a writer of abilities, but who from diſappointment and unhappineſs of temper, ſeems to have lived *deſpiſing and deſpiſed* by all his contemporary writers, and whoſe *baſe, illiberal and unmanly* attack on the late Mr. David Garrick, merited that indignation and diſdain of its author, which every perſon ſhewed on that occaſion. Mr. Garrick ſent him a challenge, which he refuſed. He then commenced a proſecution againſt him, but ſome perſons interfering, and pleading for his family, Mr. Garrick with too great lenity dropt the law ſuit. Dr. Kenrick took ſhame to himſelf, aſked pardon of Mr. Garrick in a public news-paper, and——abuſed him again.

The

ly teemed with freſh abuſe on the impropriety of the Doctor's attempting to beat a perſon in his own houſe, on which in the Daily Advertiſer of Wedneſday, March 31, 1773, he inſerted the following addreſs:

"To the PUBLIC.

"LEST it ſhould be ſuppoſed that I "have been willing to correct in others "an abuſe of which I have been guilty "myſelf, I beg leave to declare, that in "all my life I never wrote, or dictated, "a ſingle paragraph, letter, or eſſay, in "a news-paper, except a few moral eſſays,

The writer of this note aſked Dr. Kenrick how he could bring ſo *infamous* a charge againſt Mr. Garrick, he replied, "he did *not* believe him guilty, "but he did it *to plague the fellow.*" I deſire to add, I never more converſed with ſuch a man.

"under

" under the character of a Chineſe, about
" ten years ago, in the Ledger; and a
" letter, to which I ſigned my name, in
" the St. James's Chronicle. If the li-
" berty of the preſs therefore has been
" abuſed, I have had no hand in it.

" I have always conſidered the preſs as
" the protector of our freedom, as a watch-
" ful guardian, capable of uniting the
" weak againſt the encroachments of
" power. What concerns the public
" moſt properly admits of a public diſ-
" cuſſion. But of late, the preſs has
" turned from defending public intereſt,
" to making inroads upon private life:
" from combating the ſtrong, to over-
" whelming the feeble. No condition is
" now too obſcure for its abuſe, and the
" protector is become the tyrant of the
" people. In this manner the freedom
" of

" of the preſs is beginning to ſow the
" ſeeds of its own diſſolution; the great
" muſt oppoſe it from principle, and the
" weak from fear; till at laſt every rank
" of mankind ſhall be found to give
" up its benefits, content with ſecurity
" from its inſults.

" How to put a ſtop to this licenti-
" ouſneſs, by which all are indiſcrimi-
" nately abuſed, and by which vice con-
" ſequently eſcapes in the general cenſure,
" I am unable to tell; all I could wiſh
" is, that, as the law gives us no protec-
" tion againſt the injury, ſo it ſhould
" give calumniators no ſhelter after
" having provoked correction. The in-
" ſults which we receive before the pub-
" lic, by being more open are the more
" diſtreſſing; by treating them with ſilent
" contempt, we do not pay a ſufficient

" defe-

" deference to the opinion of the world. " By recurring to legal redreſs, we too " often expoſe the weakneſs of the law, " which only ſerves to increaſe our morti- " fication by failing to relieve us. In " ſhort, every man ſhould ſingly conſider " himſelf as a guardian of the liberty of " the preſs, and as far as his influence " can extend, ſhould endeavour to pre- " vent it's licentiouſneſs becoming at laſt " the grave of it's freedom.

" OLIVER GOLDSMITH."

Notwithſtanding the great ſucceſs of his pieces, by ſome of which, it is aſſerted, upon good authority, that he cleared 1800l. in one year, his circumſtances were by no means in a proſperous ſituation! partly owing to the liberality of his diſpoſition, and partly to an unfortunate habit

habit he had contracted of gaming, with the arts of which he was very little acquainted, and conſequently became the prey of thoſe who were unprincipled enough to take advantage of his ignorance.

Juſt before his death he had formed a deſign for executing an univerſal dictionary of arts and ſciences, the *proſpectus* of which he actually printed and diſtributed among his acuqaintance. In this work ſeveral of his literary friends (particulary Sir Joſhua Reynolds, Dr. Johnſon, and Mr. Garrick) had promiſed to aſſiſt, and to furniſh him with articles upon different ſubjects. He had entertained the moſt ſanguine expectations from the ſucceſs of it. The undertaking, however, did not meet with that encouragement from the bookſellers which he had ima-

imagined it would undoubtedly receive; and he uſed to lament this circumſtance almoſt to the laſt hour of his exiſtence.

He had been for ſome years afflicted, at different times, with a violent ſtrangury, which contributed not a little to imbitter the latter part of his life; and which, united with the vexations he ſuffered upon other occaſions, brought on a kind of habitual deſpondency. In this unhappy condition he was attacked by a nervous fever.

On Friday the twenty-fifth of March, 1774, finding himſelf extremely ill, he ſent at eleven o'clock at night for Mr. Hawes, an apothecary, to whom he complained of a violent pain extending all over the fore part of his head, his tongue was moiſt, he had no cold ſhivering, and his pulſe

pulſe beat about ninety ſtrokes in a minute. He acquainted him he had taken two ounces of Ipecacuanha wine as a vomit, and that it was his intention to take Dr. James's fever powders, which he deſired him to ſend him. Mr. Hawes replied, that in his opinion this medicine was very improper at *that* time, and begged he would not think of it; but every argument uſed ſeemed only to render him more determined in his own opinion.

Mr. Hawes knowing that in preceding illneſſes Dr. Goldſmith always conſulted Dr. Fordyce, and that he had expreſt the greateſt opinion of his abilities as a phyſician, requeſted he might be permitted to ſend for him. It was full a quarter of an hour before Mr. Hawes could obtain his

conſent, as the taking Dr. James's powders appeared to be the only object which employed his attention; and even then he endeavoured to throw an obſtacle in his way, by ſaying, that Dr. Fordyce was gone to ſpend the evening in Gerrard-ſtreet, "where," added he, "I ſhould "alſo have been, if I had not been in-"diſpoſed." Mr. Hawes immediately diſpatched a meſſenger, who found Dr. Fordyce at home, and who waited on Dr. Goldſmith directly.

Dr. Fordyce repreſented to him the impropriety of taking the powders in his *preſent* ſituation; but he was deaf to all remonſtrances, and unhappily perſiſted in his own reſolution.

On

On Saturday morning, March 26, Mr. Hawes viſited his patient, he found him extremely reduced, and his pulſe was now become very quick and ſmall. When he enquired of him how he did, Dr. Goldſmith ſighed deeply, and in a very low voice ſaid, "He wiſhed he had taken "his friendly advice laſt night."

Dr. Fordyce perceiving the danger of Dr. Goldſmith's ſituation, deſired Mr. Hawes to propoſe ſending for Dr. Turton, of whom he knew Dr. Goldſmith had a great opinion: the propoſal being mentioned to Dr. Goldſmith, he very readily conſented, and ordered his ſervant to go directly. The doctors Fordyce and Turton met at the time appointed to aſſiſt at a conſultation, which was continued twice a day, till the diſorder terminated in his

diſſolution, on the fourth day of April, 1774, in the forty-fifth year of his age*.

His

* Mr. Hawes, whoſe philanthropy is well known, appears to have acted with the greateſt attention to the health of his friend, Dr. Goldſmith. The following letter will ſhew the ſenſe Dr. Goldſmith's relation and friends entertained of Mr. Hawes's conduct.

Mr. Hawes, London, June 10, 1774.

IN a few hours I purpoſe leaving town, and now return you moſt ſincere thank for your kind behaviour to me ſince my arrival here. I alſo am thoroughly convinced of your care, aſſiduity, and diligence, with reſpect to my brother, Dr. Goldſmith. I am alſo convinced that as his affairs were put into your hands by Sir Joſhua Reynolds, he could have choſe no one who would have acted with more caution and diſintereſtedneſs to him than you have done, for which you have my ſincere wiſhes for the welfare

of

His friends, who were very numerous and reſpectable, had determined to bury him in Weſtminſter-abbey: his pall was to have been ſupported by Lord Shelburne, Lord Louth, Sir Joſhua Reynolds, the Hon. Mr. Beauclerc, Mr. Edmund Burke, and Mr. Garrick; but from ſome unaccountable circumſtances this deſign was dropped, and his remains were privately depoſited in the Temple burial-ground, on Saturday the 9th of April; when Mr. Hugh Kelley, Meſſrs John and Robert Day,

of you and yours,—I am, Sir, with thanks and reſpects to your family,

Your much obliged humble ſervant,

MAURICE GOLDSMITH.

Sir Joſhua Reynolds, Mr. Burke, Mr. Bott, and others of Dr. Goldſmith's beſt and moſt eſteemed friends teſtified their approbation of Mr. Hawes's conduct.

Mr. Palmer, Mr. Etherington, and Mr. Hawes, gentlemen, who had been his friends in life, attended his corpſe as mourners, and paid the laſt tribute to his memory.

A ſubſcription, however, has ſince been raiſed by his friends, to defray the expence of a marble monument, which is now executed by Mr. Nollikens, an eminent ſtatuary in London, and placed in Weſtminſter-abbey, between Gay's monument and the Duke of Argyle's, in Poets corner. It conſiſts of a large medallion, exhibiting a very good likeneſs of the Doctor, embelliſhed with literary ornaments, underneath which is a tablet of white marble, with the following Latin inſcription, written by his excellent friend Dr. Samuel Johnſon.

OLI-

OLIVARI GOLDSMITH
Poetæ. Phyſici. Hiſtorici.
Qui nullum ferè ſcribendi genus
Non tetigit.
Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.
Sive Riſus eſſent movendi
Sive Lacrymæ.
Affectuum potens at lenis Dominator
Ingenio ſublimis—Vividus Verſatilis
Oratione grandis nitidus Venuſtus
Hoc Monumentum Memoriam coluit
Sodalium Amor
Amicorum Fides
Lectorum Veneratio
Natus Hibernia Forniæ Longfordienſis
In Loco cui Nomen Pallas
Nov. xxix. MDCCXXXI.
Eblanæ Literis inſtitutus
Obiit Londini
April iv. MDCCLXXIV.

Engliſhed.

This Monmuent is raiſed
To the Memory of
OLIVER GOLDSMITH,
Poet, Natural Philoſopher and
Hiſtorian,
Who left no ſpecies of writing untouched,
or,
Unadorned by His Pen,
Whether to move laughter,
Or draw tears:
He was a powerful maſter
Over the affections,
Though at the ſame time a gentle tyrant;
Of a genius at once ſublime, lively, and
Equal to every ſubject:
In expreſſion at once noble,
Pure and delicate.
His Memory will laſt
As long as ſociety retains affection;
Friend-

Friendſhip is not void of Honor,
And Reading wants not her admirers.
He was born in the kingdom of Ireland,
At Fernes, in the province
Of Leinſter,
Where Pallas had ſet her name,
29th Nov. 1731.
He was educated at Dublin,
And died in London,
4th April, 1774.

As to his character, it is ſtrongly illuſtrated by Mr. Pope's line,

"In wit a man, ſimplicity a child."

The learned leiſure he loved to enjoy was too often interrupted by diſtreſſes which aroſe from the openneſs of his temper, and which ſometimes threw him into loud fits of paſſion; but this impetuoſity

tuoſity was corrected upon a moment's reflection, and his ſervants have been known upon theſe occaſions purpoſely to throw themſelves in his way, that they might profit by it immediately after, for he who had the good fortune to be reproved was certain of being rewarded for it. His diſappointments at other times, made him peeviſh and ſullen, and he has often left a party of convivial friends abruptly in the evening, in order to go home and brood over his misfortunes.

The univerſal eſteem in which his poems are held, and the repeated pleaſure they give in the peruſal, are ſtriking proofs of their merit. He was a ſtudious and correct obſerver of nature, happy in the ſelection of his images, in the choice of his ſubjects, and in the harmony of his verſification; and, though his embarraſſ-

ed

ed ſituation prevented him from putting the laſt hand to many of his productions, his *Hermit*, his *Traveller*, and his *Deſerted Village*, bid fair to claim a place among the moſt finiſhed pieces in the Engliſh language.

The excellent poem of *Retaliation* was only intended for the Doctor's private amuſement, and that of the particular friends who were its ſubject, and he unfortunately did not live to reviſe, or even finiſh it in the manner which he intended. The poem owed its birth to ſome preceding circumſtances of feſtive merriment* at

* JUPITER and MERCURY, a Fable. By DAVID GARRICK.

HERE *Hermes*, ſays *Jove*, who with Nectar was mellow,
Go fetch me ſome clay—I will make an *odd fellow*;
Right

at a literary club, to which the Doctor belonged, and who propoſed to write epitaphs on him. He was called on for Retali-

Right and wrong ſhall be jumbled,—much gold and ſome droſs;
Without cauſe be he pleas'd, without cauſe be he croſs;
Be ſure, as I work, to throw in contradictions,
A great love of truth, yet a mind turn'd to fictions;
Now mix theſe ingredients, which, warm'd in the baking,
Turn to *learning* and *gaming*, *religion* and *raking*.
With the love of a wench, let his writings be chaſte;
Tip his tongue with ſtrange matter, his pen with fine taſte;
That the rake and the poet o'er all may prevail,
Set fire to the head, and ſet fire to the tail:
For the joy of each ſex, on the world I'll beſtow it,
This *ſcholar*, *rake*, *Chriſtian*, *dupe*, *gameſter*, and *poet*:
Though a mixture ſo odd, he ſhall merit great fame,
And among brother mortals—be GOLDSMITH his name;

When

taliation, and at their next meeting produced the poem.

The laſt work of this ingenious author, was "An hiſtory of the Earth and Animated Nature," in 8 vols. 8vo. for which production his bookſeller paid him 850l.

When on earth this ſtrange meteor no more ſhall appear,
You, *Hermes*, ſhall fetch him—to make us ſport here.

On Dr. GOLDSMITH'S CHARACTERISTICAL COOKERY, *a Jeu D'Eſprit*, by David Garrick.

ARE theſe the choice diſhes the Doctor has ſent us?
Is this the great poet whoſe works ſo content us?
This Goldſmith's fine feaſt, who has written fine books?
Heaven ſends us good *meat*, but the *devil ſends cooks*.

The

The Doctor ſeems to have conſidered attentively the works of the ſeveral authors who have wrote on this ſubject. If there ſhould not be a great deal of diſcovery, or new matter, yet a judicious ſelection from abundant materials, is no ſmall praiſe, and if the experiments and diſcoveries of other writers are laid open in an agreeable dreſs, ſo pleaſing as to allure the young reader into a purſuit of this ſort of knowledge, we have no ſmall obligations to this very engaging writer.

Our author profeſſes to have had a taſte rather claſſical than ſcientific, and it was in the ſtudy of the claſſics, that he firſt caught the deſire of attaining a knowledge of nature. Pliny firſt inſpired him, and he reſolved to tranſlate that agreeable writer, and by the help of a commentary

to

to make his tranſlation acceptable to the publie.

It is not to be queſtioned that Dr. Goldſmith, had he followed that plan, would have marked out thoſe inaccuracies and extravagancies, into which an eaſy credulity, or a want of attention, or the little progreſs of ſcience in the world, in his age, had ſeduced his original author, and are the blemiſhes of that ingenious, inquiſitive, and laborious writer.

The appearance of Mr. Buffon's work, however, induced the Doctor to change his plan, and inſtead of tranſlating an ancient writer, he reſolved to imitate the laſt and beſt of the modern, who had written on natural hiſtory.

The

The Doctor acknowledges to have the higheſt obligations to Buffon, as far as Buffon's work extend, and he could not, we imagine, have choſen to himſelf a better guide. The Doctor ſeems to profeſs that from his firſt intention of a tranſlation, to his execution of this work, his great object was to ſend out an agreeable work, and, without flattery, this we think he has effected.

We will not preſume to decide whether the adept will find himſelf enlightened, or his information extended, but undoubtedly the common reader will find his curioſity gratified, and that time agreeably diſpoſed of, which he beſtows on this work, and this ſeems to have been the object of the writer; and an author who has effected what he has propoſed, is undoubtedly intitled to all the praiſe that the

the nature of the work he has undertaken can pretend to.

Every reader of taſte has long regretted that the poetical writings of this author have hitherto been only publiſhed in a deſultory manner, the collecting them together in a compleat and elegant edition, it is hoped will be conſidered as a proper tribute to the memory of this truly excellent poet.*

* The writer of theſe memoirs is indebted for the principal anecdotes contained in them, to a gentleman who well knows their authenticity, and who long lived with Dr. Goldſmith upon the moſt friendly terms, and never felt any ſorrow more ſincerely than that which was occaſioned by his death.

ON THE

DEATH

OF

DR. GOLDSMITH.

BY W. WÓTY.

ADIEU, ſweet bard! to each fine feeling true,
Thy virtues many, and thy foibles few;
Thoſe form'd to charm e'en vicious minds,—and theſe
With harmleſs mirth the ſocial ſoul to pleaſe:
Another's woe thy heart could always melt;
None gave more free,—for none more deeply felt.
Sweet bard, adieu! thy own harmonious lays
Have ſculptur'd out thy monument of praiſe:

Yes,

Yes,—theſe ſurvive to time's remoteſt day;
While drops the buſt, and boaſtful tombs decay,
Reader, if number'd in the Muſe's train,
Go, tune the lyre, and imitate his ſtrain;
But, if no poet thou, reverſe the plan,
Depart in peace, and imitate the man.

COMMENDATORY VERSES.

EXTRACT FROM AN ELEGANT POEM WRITTEN

BY COURTNEY MELMOTH, ESQ.

ON THE DEATH OF EMINENT ENGLISH POETS.

THE TEARS OF GENIUS.

THE village-bell tolls out the note of death,
And through the echoing air, the length'ning ſound,
With dreadful pauſe, reverberating deep;
Spreads the ſad tidings, o'er fair Auburn's vale.
There, to enjoy the ſcenes her bard had prais'd
In all the ſweet ſimplicity of ſong,
GENIUS, in pilgrim garb, ſequeſter'd ſat,
And herded jocund with the harmleſs ſwains:
But when ſhe heard the fate-forboding knell,

With

With ſtartled ſtep, precipitate and ſwift,
And look pathetic, full of dire preſage,
The church-way walk, beſide the neighb'ring green,
Sorrowing ſhe ſought; and there, in black array,
Borne on the ſhoulders of the ſwains he lov'd,
She ſaw the boaſt of Auburn mov'd along.
Touch'd at the view, her penſive breaſt ſhe ſtruck,
And to the cypreſs, which incumbent hangs,
With leaning ſlope, and branch irregular,
O'er the moſs'd pillars of the ſacred fane,
The briar-bound graves ſhadowing with funeral gloom,
Forlorn ſhe hied; and there the crowding woe
(Swell'd by the parent) preſs'd on bleeding thought,
Big ran the drops from her maternal eye,
Faſt broke the boſom-ſorrow from her heart,
And pale Diſtreſs, ſat ſickly on her cheek,
As thus her plaintive Elegy began.

And muſt my children all expire?
Shall none be left to ſtrike the lyre?
Courts death alone a learned prize?
Falls his ſhafts only on the wiſe?
Can no fit marks on earth be found,
From uſeleſs thouſands ſwarming round?

What crowding cyphers cram the land!
What hoſt of victims at command!
Yet ſhall th' ingenious drop alone?
Shall Science grace the tyrant's throne?
Thou murd'rer of the tuneful train!
I charge thee, with my children ſlain!

Scarce has the ſun thrice urg'd his annual tour,
Since half my race have felt thy barbarous power;

Sore haſt thou thinn'd each pleaſing art,
And ſtruck a muſe with every dart:

Bard, after bard, obey'd thy ſlaughtering call,
Till ſcarce a poet lives to ſing a brother's fall.

Then let a widow'd mother pay
The tribute of a parting lay.

Tearful, inſcribe the monumental ſtrain,
And ſpeak aloud, her feelings, and her pain!

And firſt, farewel to thee, my ſon, ſhe cried,
Thou pride of Auburn's dale—ſweet bard, farewel.

Long for thy ſake, the peaſants tears ſhall flow,
And many a virgin-boſom heave with woe,
For thee ſhall ſorrow ſadden all the ſcene,
And every paſtime, periſh on the green;
The ſturdy farmer ſhall ſuſpend his tale,
The woodman's ballad ſhall no more regale,
No more ſhall Mirth, each ruſtic ſport inſpire,
But ev'ry frolic, every feat ſhall tire.
No more the evening gambol ſhall delight,
Nor moonſhine revels crown the vacant night,
But groupes of villagers (each joy forgot)
Shall form, a ſad aſſembly round the cot.
Sweet bard, farewel—and farewel, Auburn's bliſs,
The bathful lover, and the yielded kiſs;
The evening warble Philomela made,
The echoing foreſt, and the whiſpering ſhade,
The winding brook, the bleat of brute content,
And the blithe voice that "whiſtled as it went."
Theſe ſhall no longer charm the plowman's care,
But ſighs ſhall fill, the pauſes of deſpair.

GOLDSMITH, adieu! the "book-learn'd prieſt" for thee
Shall now in vain poſſeſs his feſtive glee,

The oft-heard jeſt in vain he ſhall reveal,
For now alas, the jeſt he cannot feel.
But ruddy damſels o'er thy thumb ſhall bend,
And conſcious weep for their and virtue's friend:
The milk-maid ſhall reject the ſhepherd's ſong,
And ceaſe to carol as ſhe toils along:
All Auburn ſhall bewail the fatal day,
When from her fields, their pride was ſnatch'd away;
And even the matron of the creſſy lake
In piteous plight, her palſied head ſhall ſhake,
While all adown the furrows of her face
Slow ſhall the lingering tears each other trace.

And, Oh my child! ſeverer woes remain,
To all the houſeleſs, and unſhelter'd train:
Thy fate ſhall ſadden many an humble gueſt,
And heap freſh anguiſh on the beggar's breaſt.
For dear wert thou to all the ſons of pain;
To all that wander, ſorrow, or complain,
Dear to the learned, to the ſimple dear,
For daily bleſſings mark'd thy virtuous year;
The rich receiv'd a moral from thy head,
And from thy heart the ſtranger found a bed.

Diſtreſs

Diſtreſs came always ſmiling from thy door;
For God had made thee agent to the poor:
Had form'd thy feelings on the nobleſt plan,
To grace at once, the Poet, and the Man.

EXTRACT FROM

A MONODY

ON THE DEATH OF

DR. OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

DARK as the night, which now in dunneſt robe,
Aſcends her zenith, o'er the ſilent globe;
Sad melancholy wakes, awhile to tread,
With ſolemn ſtep the manſions of the dead:
Led by her hand, o'er this yet recent ſhrine
I ſorrowing bend; and here eſſay to twine
The tributary wreath of laureat bloom,
With artleſs hands, to deck a poet's tomb;
The tomb where Goldſmith ſleeps. Fond hopes, adieu!
No more your airy dreams ſhall mock my view:
Here will I learn ambition to controul,
And each aſpiring paſſion of the ſoul:

Ev'n

Ev'n now, methinks, his well-known voice I hear,
When late he meditated flight from care,
When as imagination fondly hied
To ſcenes of ſweet retirement, thus he cried.

" Ye ſplendid fabricks palaces and towers,
" Where diſſipation leads the giddy hours,
" Where pomp, diſeaſe, and knavery reſide,
" And folly bends the knee to wealthy pride;
" Where luxury's purveyors learn to riſe,
" And worth, to want a prey, unfriended dies;
" Where warbling Eunuchs glitter in brocade,
" And hapleſs Poets toil for ſcanty bread:
" Farewel! to other ſcenes I turn my eyes,
" Emboſom'd in the vale where Auburn lies,
" Deſerted Auburn, thoſe now ruin'd glades,
" Forlorn, yet ever dear and honour'd ſhades.
" There though the Hamlet boaſts no ſmiling train,
" Nor ſportful paſtime circling on the plain;
" No needy villains proul around for prey,
" No ſlanderers, no ſycophants betray;
" No gaudy foplings ſcornfully deride
" The ſwain, whoſe humble pipe is all his pride.
" There will I fly to ſeek that ſoft repoſe,
" Which ſolitude contemplative beſtows:

" Yet,

" Yet, oh fond hope! perchance there ſtill remains
" One lingering friend behind, to bleſs the plains;
" Some hermit of the dale, inſhrined in eaſe,
" Long loſt companion of my youthful days;
" With whoſe ſweet converſe in his ſocial bower,
" I oft may chide away ſome vacant hour;
" To whoſe pure ſympathy, I may impart
" Each latent grief, that labours at my heart,
" Whate'er I felt, and what I ſaw, relate,
" The ſholes of luxury, the wrecks of ſtate;
" Thoſe buſy ſcenes, where ſcience wakes in vain,
" In which I ſhar'd, ah! ne'er to ſhare again.
" But whence that pang? does nature now rebel?
" Why faulters out my tongue the word *farewel*?
" Ye friends! who long have witneſs'd to my toil,
" And ſeen me ploughing in a thankleſs ſoil,
" Whoſe partial tenderneſs huſh'd every pain,
" Whoſe approbation made my boſom vain:
" 'Tis you, to whom my ſoul divided hies
" With fond regret, and half unwilling flies;
" Sighs forth her parting wiſhes to the wind,
" And lingering leaves her better half behind.
" Can I forget the intercourſe I ſhar'd,
" What friendſhip cheriſh'd, and what zeal endear'd?

" Alas!

" Alas! remembrance ſtill muſt turn to you,
" And to my lateſt hour, protract the long *adieu*.
" Amid the woodlands, whereſoe'r I rove,
" The plain, or ſecret covert of the grove,
" Imagination ſhall ſupply her ſtore
" Of painful bliſs, and what ſhe can reſtore;
" Shall ſtrew each lonely path with flowrets gay,
" And wide as is her boundleſs empire ſtray.
" On eagle pinions traverſe earth, and ſkies,
" And bid the loft and diſtant objects riſe.
" Here, where encircled o'er the ſloping land
" Woods riſe on woods, ſhall Ariſtotle ſtand;
" Lyceum round the godlike man rejoice,
" And bow with reverence to wiſdom's voice.
" There, ſpreading oaks ſhall arch the vaulted dome,
" The Champion, there, of liberty, and Rome,
" In attick eloquence ſhall thunder laws,
" And uncorrupted ſenates ſhout applauſe.
" Not more extatic viſions rapt the ſoul
" Of Numa, when to midnight grots he ſtole,——
" And learnt his lore, from virtue's mouth refin'd,
" To fetter vice, and harmonize mankind.
" Now ſtretch'd at eaſe beſide ſome fav'rite ſtream.
" Of beauty, and enchantment will I dream;

" Elyſium,

" Elyſium, ſeats of art, and laurels won,
" The Graces three, and * Japhet's fabled ſon:
" Whilſt Angelo ſhall wave the myſtic rod,
" And ſee a new creation wait his nod,
" Preſcribe his bounds to Time's remorſeleſs power,
" And, to my arms, my abſent friends reſtore,
" Place me amidſt the group, each well-known face,
" The ſons of ſcience, lords of human race;
" And as oblivion ſinks at his command,
" Nature ſhall riſe more finiſh'd from his hand,
" Thus ſome Magician fraught with potent ſkill,
" Transforms, and moulds each varied maſs at will;
" Calls animated forms of wonderous birth,
" Cadmean offspring, from the teeming earth,
" Uncears the ponderous tombs, the realms of night,
" And calls their cold inhabitants to light;
" Or, as he traverſes a dreary ſcene,
" Bids every ſweet of nature there convene,
" Huge mountains ſkirted round with wavy woods,
" The ſhrub-deckt lawns, and ſilver ſprinkled floods,
" Whilſt flowrets ſpring around the ſmiling land,
" And follow on the traces of his wand.

* Prometheus.

" Such

" Such proſpects, lovely Auburn! then, be thine;
" And what thou canſt of bliſs impart be mine;
" Amid thy humble ſhades, in tranquil eaſe,
" Grant me to paſs the remnant of my days,
" Unfetter'd from the toil of wretched gain,
" My raptur'd muſe ſhall pour her nobleſt ſtrain,
" Within her native bowers the notes prolong,
" And, grateful, meditate her lateſt ſong.
" Thus, as adown the ſlope of life I bend,
" And move, reſign'd, to meet my latter end,
" Each worldly wiſh, each worldly care repreſt,
" A ſelf-approving heart alone poſſeſt,
" Content, to bounteous heaven I'll leave the reſt."

Thus, ſpoke the bard: but not one friendly power,
With nod aſſentive crown'd the parting hour;
No eaſtern meteor glar'd beneath the ſky,
No dextral omen; Nature heav'd a ſigh
Prophetic of the dire impending blow,
The preſage of her loſs, and Britain's woe.
Already portion'd, unrelenting Fate
Had made a pauſe upon the number'd date;
Behind, ſtood death, too horrible for ſight,
In darkneſs clad, expectant, prun'd for flight;
Pleas'd at the word, the ſhapeleſs monſter ſped,
On eager meſſage to the humble ſhed,

Where

Where wrapt by ſoft poetic viſions round,
Sweet ſlumbering, Fancy's darling ſon he found.
At his approach the ſilken pinion'd train
Affrighted, mount aloft, and quit the brain;
Which late they fann'd: now other ſcenes than dales.
Of woody pride, ſucceed, or flow'ry vales:
As when a ſudden tempeſt veils the ſky,
Before ſerene, and ſtreaming lightnings fly;
The proſpect ſhifts, and pitchy volumes roll,
Along the drear expanſe, from pole to pole;
Terrific horrors all the void inveſt,
Whilſt the Archſpectre iſſues forth confeſt.
The bard beholds him beckon to the tomb
Of yawning night, eternity's dread womb;
In vain attempts to fly, the impaſſive air
Retards his ſteps, and yields him to deſpair;
He feels a gripe that thrills through every vein,
And panting ſtruggles in the fatal chain.
Here paus'd the fell deſtroyer to ſurvey
The pride, the boaſt of man, his deſtin'd prey,
Prepar'd to ſtrike he pois'd aloft the dart,
And plung'd the ſteel in Virtue's bleeding heart;
Abhorrent, back the ſprings of life rebound,
And leave on Nature's face a griſly wound.

A wound

A wound enroll'd among Britannia's woe,
That ages yet to follow, cannot cloſe.
Oh, Goldſmith! how ſhall ſorrow now eſſay
To murmur out her flow incondite lay?
In what ſad accents mourn the luckleſs hour,
That yielded thee to unrelenting power;
Thee, the proud boaſt, of all the tuneful train
That ſweep the lyre, or ſwell the poliſh'd ſtrain;
Much honour'd Bard! if my untutor'd verſe
Could pay a tribute, worthy of thy hearſe,
With fearleſs hands I'd build the fane of praiſe,
And boldly ſtrew the never fading bays.
But, ah! with thee my guardian Genius fled,
And pillow'd in thy tomb his ſilent head:
Pain'd Memory alone behind remains,
And penſive ſtalks the ſolitary plains,
Rich in her ſorrows, honours without art.
She pays in tears, redundant from the heart.
And ſay, what boots it o'er thy hallow'd duſt
To heap the graven pile, or laurel'd buſt;
Since by thy hands already rais'd on high,
We ſee a fabrick tow'ring to the ſky:
Where hand and hand with time, the ſacred lore
Shall travel on, till nature is no more?

POEMS,

BY

DR. GOLDSMITH.

A

PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY

THE POET LABERIUS,

A ROMAN KNIGHT, WHOM CÆSAR FORCED UPON THE STAGE.

PRESERVED BY MACROBIUS.*

WHAT! no way left to ſhun th' inglorious ſtage,
And ſave from infamy my ſinking age!
Scarce half-alive, oppreſs'd with many a year,
What in the name of dotage drives me here?
A time there was, when glory was my guide,
Nor force nor fraud could turn my ſteps aſide;
Unaw'd by power, and unappal'd by fear,
With honeſt thrift I held my honour dear;

* This tranſlation was firſt printed in one of our Author's earlieſt works, "The Preſent State of Learning in "Europe." 12mo. 1759.

But this vile hour diſperſes all my ſtore,
And all my hoard of honour is no more;
For ah! too partial to my life's decline,
Cæſar perſuades, ſubmiſſion muſt be mine;
Him I obey, whom Heaven itſelf obeys,
Hopeleſs of pleaſing, yet inclin'd to pleaſe:
Here then at once I welcome every ſhame,
And cancel at threeſcore a life of fame;
No more my titles ſhall my children tell,
The old buffoon will fit my name as well;
This day beyond its term my fate extends,
For life is ended when our honour ends.

THE

THE DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION.

A TALE.

SECLUDED from domeſtic ſtrife,
Jack Book-worm led a college life;
A fellowſhip at twenty-five,
Made him the happieſt man alive;
He drank his glaſs, and crack'd his joke,
And freſhmen wonder'd as he ſpoke.

Such pleaſures, unallay'd with care,
Could any accident impair?
Could Cupid's ſhaft at length transfix
Our ſwain arriv'd at thirty-ſix?
O had the archer ne'er come-down
To ravage in a country town!
Or Flavia been content to ſtop
At triumphs in a Fleet-ſtreet ſhop.
O had her eyes forgot to blaze!
Or Jack had wanted eyes to gaze.

O!——But let exclamation ceaſe,
Her preſence baniſh'd all his peace.
So with decorum all things carry'd;
Miſs frown'd, and bluſh'd, and then was—married.

Need we expoſe to vulgar ſight
The raptures of the bridal night?
Need we intrude on hallow'd ground,
Or draw the curtains clos'd around?
Let it ſuffice, that each had charms;
He claſp'd a goddeſs in his arms;
And, though ſhe felt his uſage rough,
Yet in a man 'twas well enough.

The honey-moon like light'ning flew,
The ſecond brought its tranſports too.
A third, a fourth, were not amiſs,
The fifth was friendſhip mix'd with bliſs:
But, when a twelvemonth paſs'd away,
Jack found his goddeſs made of clay;
Found half the charms that deck'd her face
Aroſe from powder, ſhreds, or lace;
But ſtill the wo'ſt remain'd behind,
That very face had robb'd her mind.

Skill'd in no other arts was ſhe,
But dreſſing, patching, repartee;
And, juſt as humour roſe or fell,
By turns a ſlattern or a belle;

'Ti

'Tis true ſhe dreſs'd with modern grace,
Half naked at a ball or race;
But when at home, at board or bed,
Five greaſy night-caps wrap'd her head.
Could ſo much beauty condeſcend
To be a dull domeſtic friend?
Could any curtain lectures bring
To decency ſo fine a thing?
In ſhort, by night, 'twas fits or fretting;
By day, 'twas gadding or coquetting.
Fond to be ſeen, ſhe kept a bevy
Of powder'd coxcombs at her levy;
The 'ſquire and captain took their ſtations,
And twenty other near relations;
Jack ſuck'd his pipe, and often broke
A ſigh in ſuffocating ſmoke;
While all their hours were paſs'd between
Inſulting repartee or ſpleen.

Thus as her faults each day were known,
He thinks her features coarſer grown;
He fancies every vice ſhe ſhews,
Or thins her lip, or points her noſe:
Whenever rage or envy riſe,
How wide her mouth, how wild her eyes;
He knows not how, but ſo it is,
Her face is grown a knowing phyz;
And, though her fops are wond'rous civil,
He thinks her ugly as the devil.

Now, to perplex the ravell'd nooze,
As each a different way purſues,
While ſullen or loquacious ſtrife
Promiſed to hold them on for life,
That dire diſeaſe, whoſe ruthleſs power
Withers the beauty's tranſient flower:
Lo! the ſmall pox, whoſe horrid glare
Levell'd its terrors at the fair;
And, rifling every youthful grace,
Left but the remnant of a face.

The glaſs, grown hateful to her ſight,
Reflected now a perfect fright:
Each former art ſhe vainly tries
To bring back luſtre to her eyes.
In vain ſhe tries her paſte and creams,
To ſmooth her ſkin, or hide its ſeams;
Her country beaux and city couſins,
Lovers no more, flew off by dozens:
The 'ſquire himſelf was ſeen to yield,
And ev'n the captain quit the field.

Poor madam now condemn'd to hack
The reſt of life with anxious Jack,
Perceiving others fairly flown,
Attempted pleaſing him alone.
Jack ſoon was dazzled to behold
Her preſent face ſurpaſs the old;
With modeſty her cheeks are dy'd,
Humility diſplaces pride;

For

For taudry finery is ſeen
A Perſon ever neatly clean:
No more preſuming on her ſway,
She learns good-nature every day;
Serenely gay, and ſtrict in duty,
Jack finds his wife a prefect beauty.

A NEW SIMILE IN THE MANNER OF SWIFT.

LONG had I ſought in vain to find
A likeneſs for the ſcribbling kind;
The modern ſcribbling kind, who write,
In wit, and ſenſe, and nature's ſpite:
'Till reading, I forget what day on,
A chapter out of Took's Pantheon,
I think I met with ſomething there,
To ſuit my purpoſe to a hair;
But let us not proceed too furious,
Firſt pleaſe to turn to God Mercurius!
You'll find him pictur'd at full length
In book the ſecond, page the tenth:
The ſtreſs of all my proofs on him I lay,
And now proceed we to our ſimile.

Imprimis, pray obſerve his hat,
Wings upon either ſide—mark that.

Well!

Well! what is it from thence we gather?
Why theſe denote a brain of feather.
A brain of feather! very right,
With wit that's flighty, learning light;
Such as to modern bard's decreed;
A juſt compariſon,—proceed.

In the next place, his feet peruſe,
Wings grow again from both his ſhoes;
Deſign'd, no doubt, their part to bear,
And waft his godſhip through the air;
And here my ſimile unites,
For in modern poet's flights,
I'm ſure it may be juſtly ſaid,
His feet are uſeful as his head.

Laſtly, vouchſafe t'obſerve his hand,
Fill'd with a ſnake-incircled wand;
By claſſic authors, term'd caduceus,
And highly fam'd for ſeveral uſes.
To wit—moſt wond'rouſly endu'd,
No poppy water half ſo good;
For let folks only get a touch,
Its ſoporific virtue's ſuch,
Though ne'er ſo much awake before,
That quickly they begin to ſnore.
Add too, what certain writers tell,
With this he drives mens ſouls to hell.

Now

Now to apply, begin we then;
His wand's a modern author's pen;
The ſerpents round about it twin'd,
Denote him of the reptile kind;
Denote the rage with which he writes,
His frothy ſlaver, venom'd bites;
An equal ſemblance ſtill to keep,
Alike too both conduce to ſleep.
This difference only as the God
Drove ſouls to Tart'rus with his rod,
With his gooſequill the ſcribbling elf,
Inſtead of others, damns himſelf.

And here my ſimile almoſt tript,
Yet grant a word by way of poſtſcript.
Moreover, Merc'ry had a failing:
Well! what of that? out with it—ſtealing;
In which all modern bards agree,
Being each as great a thief as he:
But ev'n this deity's exiſtence
Shall lend my ſimile aſſiſtance.
Our modern bards! why what a pox
Are they but ſenſeleſs ſtones and blocks?

A DE-

DESCRIPTION

OF AN

AUTHOR'S BED-CHAMBER.

WHERE the Red Lion ſtaring o'er the way,
Invites each paſſing ſtranger that can pay;
Where Calvert's butt, and Parſon's black champaign,
Regale the drabs and bloods of Drury-lane;
There in a lonely room, from bailiffs ſnug,
The Muſe found Scroggen ſtretch'd beneath a rug;
A window patch'd with paper, lent a ray,
That dimly ſhew'd the ſtate in which he lay;
The ſanded floor that grits beneath the tread;
The humid wall with paltry pictures ſpread:
The Royal game of gooſe was there in view,
And the twelve rules the royal martyr drew;
The ſeaſons, fram'd with lifting, found a place,
And brave prince William ſhew'd his lamp-black face:

The

The morn was cold, he views with keen deſire
The ruſty grate unconſcious of a fire:
With beer and milk arrears, the frieze was ſcor'd,
And five crack'd tea-cups dreſs'd the chimney board;
A night-cap deck'd his brows inſtead of bay,
A cap by night——a ſtocking all the day!

THE

HERMIT.

A BALLAD.

FIRST PRINTED IN M DCC LXV.

THT FOLLOWING

LETTER,

ADDRESSED TO THE

PRINTER OF THE ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE,

APPEARED IN THAT PAPER, IN JUNE,
M DCC LXVII.

SIR,

AS there is nothing I diſlike ſo much as news-paper controverſy, particularly upon trifles, permit me to be as conciſe as poſſible in informing a correſpondent of yours, that I recommended Blainville's Travels, becauſe I thought the book was a good one; and I think ſo ſtill. I ſaid, I was told by the bookſeller that it was then firſt publiſhed; but in that, it ſeems, I was miſ-informed, and my reading was not extenſive enough to ſet me right.

Another correſpondent of yours accuſes me of having taken a ballad, I publiſhed ſome time ago,

from one * by the ingenious Mr. Percy. I do not think there is any great reſemblance between the two pieces in queſtion. If there be any, his ballad is taken from mine. I read it to Mr. Percy, ſome years ago; and he (as we both conſidered theſe things as trifles at beſt) told me with his uſual good humour, the next time I ſaw him, that he had taken my plan to form the fragments of Shakeſpeare into a ballad of his own. He then read me his little Cento, if I may ſo call it, and I highly approved it. Such petty anecdotes as theſe are ſcarce worth printing: and, were it not for the buſy diſpoſition of ſome of your correſpondents, the public ſhould never have known that he owes me the hint of his ballad, or that I am obliged to his friendſhip and learning for communications of a much more important nature.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

* The Friar of Orders Gray. "Reliq. of Anc. Poetry." vol. 1. p. 243.

THE

HERMIT.

A

BALLAD.

" TURN, gentle Hermit of the dale,
" And guide my lonely way,
" To where yon taper chears the vale
" With hoſpitable ray.

" For here forlorn and loſt I tread,
" With fainting ſteps and ſlow;
" Where wilds, immeaſurably ſpread,
" Seem length'ning as I go."

" Forbear, my ſon," the Hermit cries,
" To tempt the dangerous gloom;
" For yonder faithleſs phantom flies
" To lure thee to thy doom.

" Here to the houſeleſs child of want
" My door is open ſtill;
" And though my portion is but ſcant,
" I give it with good will.

" Then turn to-night, and freely ſhare
" Whate'er my cell beſtows;
" My ruſhy couch and frugal fare,
" My bleſſing and repoſe.

" No flocks that range the valley free,
" To ſlaughter I condemn:
" Taught by that power that pities me,
" I learn to pity them:

" But from the mountain's graſſy ſide
" A guiltleſs feaſt I bring;
" A ſcrip with herbs and fruits ſupply'd,
" And water from the ſpring.

" Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
" All earth-born cares are wrong:
" Man wants but little here below,
" Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heaven deſcends,
His gentle accents fell:
The modeſt ſtranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far

Far in a wilderneſs obſcure
The lonely manſion lay;
A refuge to the neighb'ring poor
And ſtrangers led aſtray!

No ſtores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a maſter's care;
The wicket op'ning with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmleſs pair.

And now, when buſy crowds retire
To take their evening reſt,
The Hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And chear'd his penſive gueſt:

And ſpread his vegetable ſtore,
And gayly preſt, and ſmil'd;
And, ſkill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguil'd.

Around in ſympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth;
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To ſoothe a ſtranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His riſing cares the Hermit ſpy'd,
With anſwering care oppreſt:
"And whence, unhappy youth," he cry'd,
"The ſorrows of thy breaſt?

"From better habitations ſpurn'd,
"Reluctant doſt thou rove:
"Or grieve for friendſhip unreturn'd,
"Or unregarded love?

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings,
"Are trifling and decay;
"And thoſe who prize the paltry things,
"More trifling ſtill than they.

"And what is friendſhip but a name,
"A charm that lulls to ſleep;
"A ſhade that follows wealth or fame,
"And leaves the wretch to weep?

"And love is ſtill an emptier ſound,
"The modern fair-one's jeſt:
"On earth unſeen, or only found
"To warm the turtle's neſt.

"For ſhame, fond youth, thy ſorrows huſh,
"And ſpurn the ſex," he ſaid:
But while he ſpoke, a riſing bluſh
His love-lorn gueſt betray'd.

Sur-

Supriz'd he ſees new beauties riſe,
Swift mantling to the view;
Like colours o'er the morning ſkies,
As bright, as tranſient too.

The baſhful look, the riſing breaſt,
Alternate ſpread alarms:
The lovely ſtranger ſtands confeſt
A maid in all her charms.

"And, ah, forgive a ſtranger rude,
"A wretch forlorn," ſhe cry'd;
"Whoſe feet unhallow'd thus intrude
"Where heaven and you reſide.

"But let a maid thy pity ſhare,
"Whom love has taught to ſtray:
"Who ſeeks for reſt, but finds deſpair
"Companion of her way.

"My father liv'd beſide the Tyne,
"A wealthy lord was he;
"And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
"He had but only me.

"To win me from his tender arms,
"Unnumber'd ſuitors came;
"Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
"And felt, or feign'd a flame.

" Each hour a mercenary crowd
" With richeſt proffers ſtrove;
" Among the reſt young Edwin bow'd,
" But never talk'd of love.

" In humble, ſimpleſt habit clad,
" No wealth or power had he;
" Wiſdom and worth were all he had,
" But theſe were all to me.

" The bloſſom opening to the day,
" The dews of heav'n refin'd,
" Could nought of purity diſplay,
" To emulate his mind.

" The dew, the bloſſoms of the tree,
" With charms inconſtant ſhine;
" Their charms was his, but wo to me,
" Their conſtancy was mine.

" For ſtill I try'd each fickle art,
" Importunate and vain;
" And while his paſſion touch'd my heart,
" I triumph'd in his pain.

" Till quite dejected with my ſcorn,
" He left me to my pride;
" And ſought a ſolitude forlorn
" In ſecret where he dy'd.

" But

" But mine the ſorrow, mine the fault,
" And well my life ſhall pay;
" I'll ſeek the ſolitude he ſought,
" And ſtretch me where he lay.

" And there forlorn, deſpairing hid,
" I'll lay me down and die;
" 'Twas ſo for me that Edwin did,
" And ſo for him will I."

" Forbid it, heaven!" the Hermit cry'd,
And claſp'd her to his breaſt:
The wondering fair one turn'd to chide,
'Twas Edwin's ſelf that preſt.

" Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
" My charmer turn to ſee
" Thy own, thy long-loſt Edwin here,
" Reſtor'd to love and thee.

" Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
" And every care reſign:
" And ſhall we never, never part,
" My life—my all that's mine.

" No, never, from this hour to part,
" We'll live and love ſo true,
" The ſigh that rends thy conſtant heart,
" Shall break thy Edwin's too."

AN

ELEGY

ON THE

DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

GOOD people all, of every ſort,
Give ear unto my ſong;
And if you find it wonderous ſhort,
It cannot hold you long.

In Iſling-ton there was a man,
Of whom the world might ſay,
That ſtill a godly race he run,
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his cloaths.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mungrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This

This dog and man at firſt were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring ſtreets,
The wondering neighbours ran,
And ſwore the dog had loſt his wits,
To bite ſo good a man.

The wound it ſeem'd both ſore and ſad,
To every chriſtian eye;
And while they ſwore the dog was mad,
They ſwore the man would die.

But ſoon a wonder came to light,
That ſhew'd the rogues they ly'd,
The man recover'd of the bite,
The dog it was that dy'd.

STAN-

STANZAS ON WOMAN.

WHEN lovely woman ſtoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can ſoothe her melancholy,
What art can waſh her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her ſhame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his boſom —is, to die.

THE

TRAVELLER;

OR, A

PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

A

POEM,

FIRST PRINTED IN M DCC LXV.

TO THE

REV. HENRY GOLDSMITH.

DEAR SIR,

I AM ſenſible that the friendſhip between us can acquire no new force from the ceremonies of a Dedication; and perhaps it demands an excuſe thus to prefix your name to my attempts, which you decline giving with your own. But as a part of this Poem was formerly written to you from Switzerland, the whole can now, with propriety, be only inſcribed to you. It will alſo throw a light upon many parts of it, when the reader underſtands, that it is addreſſed to a man, who, deſpiſing Fame and Fortune, has retired early to Happineſs and Obſcurity, with an income of forty pounds a year.

I now perceive, my dear brother, the wiſdom of your humble choice. You have entered upon a ſacred office, where the harveſt is great, and the labourers are but few; while you have left the field of Ambition, where the labourers are many, and the

the harveſt not worth carrying away. But of all kinds of ambition, what from the refinement of the times from different ſyſtems of criticiſm, and from the diviſions of party, that which purſues poetical fame is the wildeſt.

Poetry makes a principal amuſement among unpoliſhed nations; but in a country verging to the extremes of refinement, Painting and Muſic come in for a ſhare. As theſe offer the feeble mind a leſs laborious entertainment, they at firſt rival Poetry, and at length ſupplant her; they engroſs all that favour once ſhewn to her, and, though but younger ſiſters, ſeize upon the elder's birthright.

Yet, however this art may be neglected by the powerful, it is ſtill in greater danger from the miſtaken efforts of the learned to improve it. What criticiſms have we not heard of late in favour of blank verſe, and Pindaric odes, choruſſes, anapeſts and iambics, alliterative care and happy negligence! Every abſurdity has now a champion to defend it; and as he is generally much in the wrong, ſo he has always much to ſay; for error is ever talkative.

But there is an enemy to this art ſtill more dangerous, I mean Party. Party entirely diſtorts the judgment, and deſtroys the taſte. When the mind is once infected with this diſeaſe, it can only find pleaſure

pleaſure in what contributes to increaſe the diſtemper. Like the tyger, that ſeldom deſiſts from purſuing man, after having once preyed upon human fleſh, the reader, who has once gratified his appetite with calumny, makes, ever after, the moſt agreeable feaſt upon murdered reputation. Such readers generally admire ſome half-witted thing, who wants to be thought a bold man, having loſt the character of a wiſe one. Him they dignify with the name of poet: his tawdry lampoons are called ſatires; his turbulence is ſaid to be force, and his phrenzy fire.

What reception a Poem may find, which has neither abuſe, party, nor blank verſe to ſupport it, I cannot tell, nor am I ſolicitous to know. My aims are right. Without eſpouſing the cauſe of any party, I have attempted to moderate the rage of all. I have endeavoured to ſhew, that there may be equal happineſs in ſtates, that are differently governed from our own; that every ſtate has a particular principle of happineſs, and that this principle in each may be carried to a miſchievous exceſs. There are few can judge, better than yourſelf, how far theſe poſitions are illuſtrated in this Poem. I am,

DEAR SIR,

YOUR MOST AFFECTIONATE BROTHER,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE TRAVELLER;

OR, A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.*

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, ſlow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Corinthian boor
Againſt the houſeleſs ſtranger ſhuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forſaken lies,
A weary waſte expanding to the ſkies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to ſee,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee:
Still to my brother turns, with ceaſeleſs pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

* In this poem ſeveral alterations were made, and ſome new verſes added, as it paſſed through different editions.—We have printed from the ninth, which was the laſt edition publiſhed in the life-time of the author.

Eternal bleſſings crown my earlieſt friend,
And round his dwelling guardian ſaints attend;
Bleſt be that ſpot, where chearful gueſts retire
To pauſe from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Bleſt that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every ſtranger finds a ready chair:
Bleſt be thoſe feaſts with ſimple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jeſts or pranks that never fail,
Or ſigh with pity at ſome mournful tale;
Or preſs the baſhful ſtranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not deſtin'd ſuch delights to ſhare,
My prime of life in wandering ſpent and care:
Impell'd, with ſteps unceaſing, to purſue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and ſkies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverſe realms alone,
And find no ſpot of all the world my own.

Ev'n now, where Alpine ſolitudes aſcend,
I ſit me down a penſive hour to ſpend;
And, plac'd on high above the ſtorm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear;
Lakes, foreſts, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the ſhepherd's humbler pride.

When

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidſt the ſtore, ſhould thankleſs pride repine?
Say, ſhould the philoſophic mind diſdain
That good which makes each humbler boſom vain?
Let ſchool-taught pride diſſemble all it can,
Theſe little things are great to little man;
And wiſer he, whoſe ſympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and ſplendor crown'd;
Ye fields, where ſummer ſpreads profuſion round;
Ye lakes, whoſe veſſels catch the buſy gale;
Ye bending ſwains, that dreſs the flowery vale;
For me your tributary ſtores combine:
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.

As ſome lone miſer, viſiting his ſtore,
Bends at his treaſure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his riſing raptures fill,
Yet ſtill he ſighs, for hoards are wanting ſtill:
Thus to my breaſt alternate paſſions riſe,
Pleas'd with each good that heaven to man ſupplies:
Yet oft a ſigh prevails, and ſorrows fall,
To ſee the hoard of human bliſs ſo ſmall;
And oft I wiſh, amidſt the ſcene, to find
Some ſpot to real happineſs conſign'd,
Where my worn ſoul, each wandering hope at reſt,
May gather bliſs to ſee my fellows bleſt.

But where to find that happieſt ſpot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?

The ſhudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happieſt ſpot his own;
Extols the treaſures of his ſtormy ſeas,
And his long nights of revelry and eaſe;
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boaſts of his golden ſands and palmy wine,
Baſks in the glare, or ſtems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boaſt, where'er we roam,
His firſt, beſt country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And eſtimate the bleſſings which they ſhare,
Though patriots flatter, ſtill ſhall wiſdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their bleſſings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliſs at labour's earneſt call;
With food as well the peaſant is ſupply'd
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's ſhelvy ſide;
And though the rocky creſted ſummits frown,
Theſe rocks, by cuſtom, turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the bleſſings ſent;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.
Yet theſe each other's power ſo ſtrong conteſt,
That either ſeems deſtructive of the reſt.
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails;
And honour ſinks where commerce long prevails.

Hence

Hence every ſtate to one lov'd bleſſing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the fav'rite happineſs attends,
And ſpurns the plan that aims at other ends;
'Till carried to exceſs in each domain,
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try theſe truths with cloſer eyes,
And trace them through the proſpect as it lies:
Here for a while my proper cares reſign'd,
Here let me ſit in ſorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected ſhrub at random caſt,
That ſhades the ſteep, and ſighs at every blaſt.

Far to the right where Appennine aſcends,
Bright as the ſummer, Italy extends;
Its uplands ſloping deck the mountain's ſide,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft ſome temple's mould'ring tops between
With venerable grandeur mark the ſcene.

Could nature's bounty ſatisfy the breaſt,
The ſons of Italy were ſurely bleſt.
Whatever fruits in different climes were found,
That proudly riſe, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whoſe bright ſucceſſion decks the varied year;
Whatever ſweet ſalute the northern ſky
With vernal lives, that bloſſom but to die;

Theſe here diſporting own the kindred ſoil,
Nor aſk luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While ſea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the ſmiling land.

But ſmall the bliſs that ſenſe alone beſtows,
And ſenſual bliſs is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man ſeems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contraſted faults through all his manners reign:
Though poor, luxurious; though ſubmiſſive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And even in penance planning ſins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd the date,
When commerce proudly flouriſh'd through the ſtate;
At her command the palace learnt to riſe,
Again the long-fall'n column ſought the ſkies;
The canvas glow'd beyond e'en Nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form.
Till, more unſteady than the ſouthern gale,
Commerce on other ſhores diſplay'd her ſail;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a ſlave:
And late the nation found with fruitleſs ſkill
Its former ſtrength was but plethoric ill.

Yet, ſtill the loſs of wealth is here ſupplied
By arts, the ſplendid wrecks of former pride;

From

From theſe the feeble heart and long-fallen mind
An eaſy compenſation ſeem to find.
Here may be ſeen, in bloodleſs pomp array'd,
The paſte-board triumph and the cavalcade;
Proceſſions form'd for piety and love,
A miſtreſs or a ſaint in every grove.
By ſports like theſe are all their cares beguil'd,
The ſports of children ſatisfy the child;
Each nobler aim, repreſt by long controul,
Now ſinks at laſt, or feebly mans the ſoul;
While low delights ſucceeding faſt behind,
In happier meanneſs occupy the mind:
As in thoſe domes, where Cæſars once bore ſway,
Defac'd by time and tott'ring in decay,
There in the ruin, heedleſs of the dead,
The ſhelter-ſeeking peaſant builds his ſhed;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a ſmile.

My ſoul turn from them, turn we to ſurvey
Where rougher climes a nobler race diſplay,
Where the bleak Swiſs their ſtormy manſion tread,
And force a churliſh ſoil for ſcanty bread;
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and ſteel, the ſoldier and his ſword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly ſues the mountain's breaſt,
But meteors glare, and ſtormy glooms inveſt.

Yet

Yet ſtill, even here, content can ſpread a charm,
Redreſs the clime, and all its rage diſarm.
Though poor the peaſant's hut, his feaſts tho' ſmall,
He ſees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To ſhame the meanneſs of his humble ſhed;
No coſtly lord the ſumptuous banquet deal
To make him loath his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wiſh contracting, fits him to the ſoil.
Chearful at morn, he wakes from ſhort repoſe,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous plough-ſhare to the ſteep;
Or ſeeks the den where ſnow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the ſtruggling ſavage into day.
At night returning, every labour ſped,
He ſits him down the monarch of a ſhed;
Smiles by his chearful fire, and round ſurveys
His childrens' looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his lov'd partner, boaſtful of her hoard,
Diſplays her cleanly platter on the board:
And haply too ſome pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot paſſion on his heart;
And even thoſe ills, that round his manſion riſe,
Enhance the bliſs his ſcanty fund ſupplies.

Dear

Dear is that ſhed to which his ſoul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the ſtorms;
And as a child, when ſcaring ſounds moleſt,
Clings cloſe and cloſer to the mother's breaſt,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren ſtates aſſign'd;
Their wants but few, their wiſhes all confin'd.
Yet let them only ſhare the praiſes due,
If few their wants, their pleaſures are but few;
For every want that ſtimulates the breaſt,
Becomes a ſource of pleaſure when redreſt,
Whence from ſuch lands each pleaſing ſcience flies,
That firſt excites deſire, and then ſupplies;
Unknown to them, when ſenſual pleaſures cloy,
To fill the languid pauſe with finer joy;
Unknown thoſe powers that raiſe the ſoul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a mouldering fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by ſtrong deſire;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures chear
On ſome high feſtival of once a year,
In wild exceſs the vulgar breaſt takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliſs expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarſely flow:
Their morals, like their pleaſures, are but low,
For, as refinement ſtops, from ſire to ſon
Unalter'd, unimprov'd the manners run;

And

And love's and friendſhip's finely pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some ſterner virtues o'er the mountain's breaſt
May ſit, like falcons cowering on the neſt;
But all the gentler morals, ſuch as play
Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the way
Theſe, far diſpers'd on timorous pinions fly,
To ſport and flutter in a kinder ſky.

To kinder ſkies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France diſplays her bright domain.
Gay ſprightly land of mirth and ſocial eaſe,
Pleas'd with thyſelf, whom all the world can pleaſe,
How often have I led thy ſportive choir,
With tuneleſs pipe, beſide the murmuring Loire?
Where ſhading elms along the margin grew,
And freſhen'd from the wave the zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harſh touch falt'ring ſtill,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's ſkill;
Yet would the village praiſe my wonderous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandſire, ſkill'd in geſtic lore,
Has friſk'd beneath the burthen of threeſcore.

So bleſt a life theſe thoughtleſs realms diſplay,
Thus idly buſy rolls their world away:

Theirs

Theirs are thoſe arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the ſocial temper here.
Honour, that praiſe which real merit gains,
Or even imaginary worth obtains,
Here paſſes current; paid from hand to hand,
It ſhifts in ſplendid traffick round the land:
From courts, to camps, to cottages it ſtrays,
And all are taught an avarice of praiſe;
They pleaſe, are pleas'd, they give to get eſteem,
Till, ſeeming bleſt, they grow to what they ſeem.

But while this ſofter art their bliſs ſupplies,
It gives their follies alſo room to riſe;
For praiſe too dearly lov'd, or warmly ſought,
Enfeebles all internal ſtrength of thought.
And the weak ſoul, within itſelf unbleſt,
Leans for all pleaſure on another's breaſt.
Hence oſtentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praiſe which fools impart;
Here vanity aſſumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frize with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boaſt one ſplendid banquet once a year;
The mind ſtill turns where ſhifting faſhion draws,
Nor weighs the ſolid worth of ſelf applauſe.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Emboſom'd in the deep where Holland lies.

Methinks

Methinks her patient ſons before me ſtand,
Where the broad ocean leans againſt the land;
And, ſedulous to ſtop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward methinks, and diligently ſlow,
The firm connected bulwark ſeems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidſt the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and uſurps the ſhore.
While the pent ocean riſing o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him ſmile;
The ſlow canal, the yellow bloſſom'd vale,
The willow tufted bank, the gliding ſail,
The crouded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation reſcu'd from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-ſubjected ſoil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Induſtrious habits in each boſom reign,
And induſtry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that ſprings,
With all thoſe ills ſuperfluous treaſure brings,
Are here diſplayed. Their much-lov'd wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them cloſer, craft and fraud appear
Even liberty itſelf is barter'd here.
At gold's ſuperior charms all freedom flies,
The needy ſell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of ſlaves,
Here wretches ſeek diſhonourable graves,

And

And calmly bent, to ſervitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that ſlumber in the ſtorm.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic ſires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breaſt, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the ſons of Britain now!

Fir'd at the ſound, my genius ſpreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the weſtern ſpring;
Where lawns extend that ſcorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter ſtreams than fam'd Hydaſpis glide,
There all around the gentleſt breezes ſtray,
There gentle muſic melts on every ſpray;
Creation's mildeſt charms are there combin'd,
Extremes are only in the maſter's mind!
Stern o'er each boſom Reaſon holds her ſtate
With daring aims irregularly great;
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I ſee the lords of human kind paſs by;
Intent on high deſigns, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfaſhion'd freſh from Nature's hand,
Fierce in their native hardineſs of ſoul,
True to imagin'd right, above controul,
While even the peaſant boaſts theſe rights to ſcan,
And learns to venerate himſelf as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the bleſſings pictur'd here,
Thine are thoſe charms that dazzle and endear;

Too

Too bleſt indeed, were ſuch without alloy,
But foſter'd even by Freedom ills annoy;
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the ſocial tie;
The ſelf-dependent lordlings ſtand alone,
All claims that bind and ſweeten life unknown;
Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd.
Ferments ariſe, impriſon'd factions roar,
Repreſt ambition ſtruggles round her ſhore,
Till over-wrought, the general ſyſtem feels
Its motions ſtop, or phrenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worſt. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to ſway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather ſtrength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to thee alone,
And talent ſinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when, ſtript of all her charms
The land of ſcholars, and the nurſe of arms,
Where noble ſtems tranſmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame,
One ſink of level avarice ſhall lie,
And ſcholars, ſoldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.

Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I ſtate,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great;
Yet powers of truth, that bid my ſoul aſpire,
Far from my boſom drive the low deſire;

And

And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabbles rage, and tyrant's angry ſteel;
Thou tranſitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt, or favour's foſtering ſun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repreſs them to ſecure:
For juſt experience tells, in every ſoil,
That thoſe who think muſt govern thoſe that toil;
And all that freedom's higheſt aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, ſhould one order diſproportion'd grow,
Its double weight muſt ruin all below.

O then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aſpires!
Calm is my ſoul, nor apt to riſe in arms,
Except when faſt approaching danger warms:
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to ſtretch their own,
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themſelves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal ſtatutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where ſavage nations roam,
Pillag'd from ſlaves to purchaſe ſlaves at home;
Fear, pity, juſtice, indignation ſtart,
Tear off reſerve, and bear my ſwelling heart;
Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curſe with me that baleful hour,
When firſt ambition ſtruck at regal power;
And thus polluting honour in it's ſource,
Gave wealth to ſway the mind with double force,
Have we not ſeen, round Britain's peopled ſhore,
Her uſeful ſons exchang'd for uſeleſs ore?
Seen all her triumphs but deſtruction haſte,
Like flaring tapers bright'ning as they waſte;
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead ſtern depopulation in her train,
And over fields where ſcatter'd hamlets roſe,
In barren ſolitary pomp repoſe?
Have we not ſeen at pleaſure's lordly call,
The ſmiling long-frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous ſon, the ſire decay'd,
The modeſt matron, and the bluſhing maid.
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy traiſt,
To traverſe climes beyond the weſtern main;
Where wild Oſwego ſpreads her ſwamps around,
And Niagara ſtuns with thund'ring ſound?

Even now, perhaps, as there ſome pilgrim ſtrays
Through tangled foreſts, and through dangerous ways;
Where beaſts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim;
There, while above the giddy tempeſt flies,
And all around diſtreſsful yells ariſe,
The penſive exile, bending with his woe,
To ſtop too fearful, and too faint to go,

Caſts

Caſts a long look where England's glories ſhine,
And bids his boſom ſympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary ſearch to find
That bliſs which only centers in the mind:
Why have I ſtray'd from pleaſure and repoſe,
To ſeek a good each government beſtows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws reſtrain,
How ſmall of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cauſe or cure.
Still to ourſelves in every place conſign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With ſecret courſe, which no loud ſtorms annoy,
Glides the ſmooth current of domeſtic joy.
The lifted ax, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of ſteel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reaſon, faith, and conſcience, all our own.

THE

DESERTED VILLAGE.

A

POEM.

FIRST PRINTED IN MDCCLXIX.

TO

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

DEAR SIR,

I CAN have no expectations in an addreſs of this kind, either to add to your reputation, or to eſtabliſh my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of that art in which you are ſaid to excel; and I may loſe much by the ſeverity of your judgment, as few have a juſter taſte in poetry than you. Setting intereſt therefore aſide, to which I never paid much attention, I muſt be indulged at preſent in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, becauſe I loved him better than moſt other men. He is ſince dead. Permit me to inſcribe this poem to you.

How far you may be pleaſed with the verſification and mere mechanical parts of this attempt, I do not pretend to enquire; but I know you will object

(and indeed ſeveral of our beſt and wiſeſt friends concur in the opinion) that the depopulation it deplores is no where to be ſeen, and the diſorders it laments are only to be found in the poet's own imagination. To this I can ſcarce make any other anſwer than that I ſincerely believe what I have written; that I have taken all poſſible pains, in my country excurſions, for theſe four or five years paſt, to be certain of what I alledge, and that all my views and inquiries have led me to believe thoſe miſeries real, which I here attempt to diſplay. But this is not the place to enter into an inquiry, whether the country be depopulating, or not; the diſcuſſion would take up much room, and I ſhould prove myſelf, at beſt, an indifferent politician, to tire the reader with a long preface, when I want his unfatigued attention to a long poem.

In regretting the depopulation of the country, I inveigh againſt the increaſe of our luxuries; and here alſo I expect the ſhout of modern politicians againſt me. For twenty or thirty years paſt, it has been the faſhion to conſider luxury as one of the greateſt national advantages; and all the wiſdom of antiquity in that particular, as erroneous. Still, however, I muſt remain a profeſſed ancient on that head, and continue to think thoſe luxuries prejudicial to ſtates by which ſo many vices are introduced, and ſo many kingdoms have been undone,

undone. Indeed ſo much has been poured out of late on the other ſide of the queſtion, that, merely for the ſake of novelty and variety, one would ſometimes wiſh to be in the right. I am,

DEAR SIR,

YOUR SINCERE FRIEND,

AND ARDENT ADMIRER,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE

DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET AUBURN! lovelieſt village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring ſwain,
Where ſmiling ſpring its earlieſt viſit paid,
And parting ſummer's ling'ring blooms delay'd.
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and eaſe,
Seats of my youth, when every ſport could pleaſe,
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happineſs endear'd each ſcene!
How often have I paus'd on every charm,
The ſhelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the buſy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighb'ring hill,
The hawthorn buſh, with ſeats beneath the ſhade,
For talking age and whiſp'ring lovers made!
How often have I bleſt the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their ſports beneath the ſpreading tree,
While many a paſtime circled in the ſhade,
The young contending as the old ſurvey'd;

And

And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And ſlights of art and feats of ſtrength went round.
And ſtill as each repeated pleaſure tir'd,
Succeeding ſports the mirthful band inſpir'd;
The dancing pair that ſimply ſought renown,
By holding out, to tire each other down;
The ſwain miſtruſtleſs of his ſmutted face,
While ſecret laughter titter'd round the place;
The baſhful virgin's ſide long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would thoſe looks reprove.
Theſe were thy charms, ſweet village! ſports like theſe,
With ſweet ſucceſſion, taught ev'n toil to pleaſe;
Theſe round thy bowers their chearful influence ſhed,
Theſe were thy charms—But all theſe charms are fled.

Sweet ſmiling village, loveliеſt of the lawn,
Thy ſports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidſt thy bowers the tyrant's hand is ſeen,
And deſolation ſaddens all thy green:
One only maſter graſps the whole domain,
And half a tillage ſtints thy ſmiling plain;
No more thy glaſſy brook reflects the day,
But, choak'd with ſedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a ſolitary gueſt,
The hollow ſounding bittern guards its neſt;
Amidſt thy deſert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvary'd cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in ſhapeleſs ruin all,
And the long graſs o'ertops the mould'ring wall,

And,

And, trembling, ſhrinking from the ſpoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to haſt'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords may flouriſh, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
But a bold peaſantry, their country's pride,
When once deſtroy'd, can never be ſupply'd.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light labour ſpread her wholeſome ſtore,
Juſt gave what life requir'd, but gave no more:
His beſt companions, innocence and health;
And his beſt riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
Uſurp the land and diſpoſſeſs the ſwain;
Along the lawn, where ſcatter'd hamlets roſe,
Unwieldy wealth, and cumb'rous pomp repoſe;
And every want to luxury ally'd,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Theſe gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Thoſe calm deſires that aſk'd but little room,
Thoſe healthful ſports that grac'd the peaceful ſcene,
Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green;
Theſe, far departing, ſeek a kinder ſhore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet

Sweet AUBURN! parent of the bliſsful hour,
Thy glades forlorn conſeſs the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my ſolitary rounds,
Amidſt thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
Where once the cottage ſtood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her buſy train,
Swells at my breaſt, and turns the paſt to pain.

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has giv'n my ſhare—
I ſtill had hopes my lateſt hours to crown,
Amidſt theſe humble bowers to lay me down;
To huſband out life's taper at the cloſe,
And keep the flame from waſting by repoſe:
I ſtill had hopes, for pride attends us ſtill,
Amidſt the ſwains to ſhow my book-learn'd ſkill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I ſaw;
And, as an hare whom hounds and horns purſue,
Pants to the place from whence at firſt he flew,
I ſtill had hopes, my long vexations paſt,
Here to return—and die at home at laſt.

O bleſt retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never muſt be mine,
How bleſt is he who crowns in ſhades like theſe,
A youth of labour with an age of eaſe;
Who quits a world where ſtrong temptations try,
And, ſince 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!

For

For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;
No ſurly porter ſtands in guilty ſtate,
To ſpurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While reſignation gently ſlopes the way;
And, all his proſpects bright'ning to the laſt,
His heaven commences ere the world be paſt;

Sweet was the ſound, when oft at ev'ning's cloſe,
Up yonder hill the village murmur roſe;
There, as I paſt with careleſs ſteps and ſlow,
The mingling notes came ſoften'd from below;
The ſwain reſponſive as the milk-maid ſung,
The ſober herd that low'd to meet their young;
The noiſy geeſe that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children juſt let looſe from ſchool;
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whiſp'ring wind,
And the loud laugh that ſpoke the vacant mind;
Theſe all in ſweet confuſion ſought the ſhade,
And fill'd each pauſe the nightingale had made.
But now the ſounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No buſy ſteps the graſs-grown foot-way tread,
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled.
All but yon widow'd, ſolitary thing,
That feebly bends beſide the plaſhy ſpring;

She

She, wretched matron, forc'd, in age, for bread,
To ſtrip the brook with mantling creſſes ſpread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To ſeek her nightly ſhed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmleſs train,
The ſad hiſtorian of the penſive plain.

Near yonder copſe, where once the garden ſmil'd,
And ſtill where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn ſhrubs the place diſcloſe,
The village preacher's modeſt manſion roſe.
A man he was, to all the country dear,
And paſſing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor ere had chang'd, nor wiſh'd to change his place;
Unſkilful he to fawn, or ſeek for power,
By doctrines faſhion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raiſe the wretched than to riſe.
His houſe was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain,
The long remember'd beggar was his gueſt,
Whoſe beard deſcending ſwept his aged breaſt;
The ruin'd ſpendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken ſoldier, kindly bade to ſtay,
Sate by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of ſorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and ſhew'd how fields were won.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with his gueſts, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careleſs their merits, or their faults to ſcan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings lean'd to Virtue's ſide;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledg'd offſpring to the ſkies;
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beſide the bed where parting life was laid,
And ſorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns diſmay'd,
The rev'rend champion ſtood. At his controul,
Deſpair and anguiſh fled the ſtruggling ſoul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raiſe,
And his laſt fault'ring accents whiſper'd praiſe.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double ſway,
And fools, who came to ſcoff, remain'd to pray.
The ſervice paſt, around the pious man,
With ſteady zeal, each honeſt ruſtic ran;
Even children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to ſhare the good man's ſmile.

His ready ſmile a parent's warmth expreſt,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares diſtreſt;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his ſerious thoughts had reſt in heaven.
As ſome tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the ſtorm,
Though round its breaſt the rolling clouds are ſpread,
Eternal ſunſhine ſettles on its head.

Beſide yon ſtraggling fence that ſkirts the way,
With bloſſom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noiſy manſion, ſkill'd to rule,
The village maſter taught his little ſchool;
A man ſevere he was, and ſtern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's diſaſters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the buſy whiſper circling round,
Convey'd the diſmal tidings when he frown'd;
Yet he was kind, or if ſevere in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declar'd how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too;
Lands he could meaſure, terms and tides preſage,
And even the ſtory ran that he could guage:
In arguing too, the parſon own'd his ſkill,
For even though vanquiſh'd, he could argue ſtill;

While

While words of learned length, and thund'ring ſound,
Amaz'd the gazing ruſtics rang'd around,
And ſtill they gaz'd, and ſtill the wonder grew,
That one ſmall head could carry all he knew.

But paſt is all his fame. The very ſpot
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the ſign-poſt caught the paſſing eye,
Low lies that houſe where nut-brown draughts inſpir'd,
Where grey-beard mirth, and ſmiling toil retir'd,
Where village ſtateſmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly ſtoops to trace
The parlour ſplendors of that feſtive place;
The white-waſh'd wall, the nicely ſanded floor,
The varniſh'd clock that click'd behind the door;
The cheſt contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a cheſt of drawers by day;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and uſe,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of gooſe;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aſpin boughs, and flowers and fennel gay,
While broken tea-cups, wiſely kept for ſhew,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, gliſten'd in a row.

Vain tranſitory ſplendors! could not all
Reprieve the tott'ring manſion from it's fall!
Obſcure it ſinks, nor ſhall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;

Thither no more the peaſant ſhall repair,
To ſweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the wood-man's ballad ſhall prevail;
No more the ſmith his duſky brow ſhall clear,
Relax his pond'rous ſtrength, and lean to hear;
The hoſt himſelf no longer ſhall be found
Careful to ſee the mantling bliſs go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be preſt,
Shall kiſs the cup to paſs it to the reſt.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud diſdain,
Theſe ſimple bleſſings of the lowly train,
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloſs of art,
Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,
The ſoul adopts, and owns their firſt-born ſway:
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvy'd, unmoleſted, unconfin'd.
But the long pomp, the midnight maſquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In theſe, ere triflers half their wiſh obtain,
The toiling pleaſure ſickens into pain;
And, even while faſhion's brighteſt arts decoy,
The heart diſtruſting aſks, if this be joy?

Ye friends to truth, ye ſtateſmen who ſurvey
The rich man's joys encreaſe, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits ſtand
Between a ſplendid and an happy land.

Proud

Proud ſwells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And ſhouting Folly hails them from her ſhore;
Hoards, even beyond the miſer's wiſh abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our uſeful products ſtill the ſame.
Not ſo the loſs. The man of wealth and pride,
Takes up a ſpace that many poor ſupply'd;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horſes, equipage and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in ſilken ſloth,
Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their growth,
His ſeat, where ſolitary ſports are ſeen,
Indignant ſpurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world ſupplies.
While thus the land adorn'd for pleaſure, all
In barren ſplendor feebly waits the fall.

As ſome fair female unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to pleaſe while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrow'd charm that dreſs ſupplies,
Nor ſhares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when thoſe charms are paſt, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then ſhines forth, ſolicitous to bleſs,
In all the glaring impotence of dreſs.
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
In nature's ſimpleſt charms at firſt array'd,

But verging to decline, its ſplendors riſe,
Its viſtas ſtrike, its palaces ſurpriſe;
While, ſcourg'd by famine from the ſmiling land,
The mournful peaſant leads his humble band;
And while he ſinks, without one arm to ſave,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

Where then, ah! where ſhall poverty reſide,
To 'ſcape the preſſure of contiguous pride?
If to ſome common's fenceleſs limits ſtray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the ſcanty blade,
Thoſe fenceleſs fields the ſons of wealth divide,
And even the bare-worn common is deny'd.

If to the city ſped—What waits him there?
To ſee profuſion that he muſt not ſhare;
To ſee ten thouſand baneful arts combin'd
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To ſee each joy the ſons of pleaſure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creature's wo.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artiſt plies the ſickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long drawn pomps diſplay,
There the black gibbet glooms beſide the way.
The dome where Pleaſure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deckt, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crouds the blazing ſquare,
The rattling chariots claſh, the torches glare.
Sure ſcenes like theſe no troubles ere annoy!
Sure theſe denote one univerſal joy!

Are

Are theſe thy ſerious thoughts—Ah, turn thine eyes
Where the poor houſeleſs ſhiv'ring female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village plenty bleſt,
Has wept at tales of innocence diſtreſt;
Her modeſt looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primroſe peeps beneath the thorn,
Now loſt to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door ſhe lays her head,
And, pinch'd with cold, and ſhrinking from the ſhower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckleſs hour,
When idly firſt, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, ſweet AUBURN, thine, the loveliеſt train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud mens doors they aſk a little bread!

Ah, no. To diſtant climes, a dreary ſcene,
Where half the con[redacted]d intrudes between,
Through torrid tra[redacted]ainting ſteps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their wo.
Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid ſhore;
Thoſe blazing ſuns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely ſhed intolerable day;
Thoſe matted woods where birds forget to ſing,
But ſilent bats in drowſy cluſters cling;
Thoſe pois'nous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark ſcorpion gathers death around;

Where at each ſtep the ſtranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful ſnake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapleſs prey,
And ſavage men more murd'rous ſtill than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landſcape with the ſkies.
Far different theſe from every former ſcene,
The cooling brook, the graſſy veſted green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only ſhelter'd thefts of harmleſs love.

Good Heaven! what ſorrows gloom'd that parting day,
That call'd them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleaſure paſt,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd their laſt,
And took a long farewell, and wiſh'd in vain
For ſeats like theſe beyond the weſtern main;
And ſhudd'ring ſtill to face the diſtant deep,
Return'd and wept, and ſtill return'd to weep.
The good old ſire, the [redacted]ar'd to go
To new-found worlds, [redacted]pt for other's woe;
But for himſelf, in conſcious virtue brave,
He only wiſh'd for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpleſs years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother ſpoke her woes,
And bleſt the cot where every pleaſure roſe;

And

And kiſt her thoughtleſs babes with many a tear,
And claſpt them cloſe, in ſorrow doubly dear;
Whilſt her fond huſband ſtrove to lend relief
In all the ſilent manlineſs of grief.

O, luxury! thou curſt by heaven's decree,
How ill exchang'd are things like theſe for thee!
How do thy potions with inſidious joy,
Diffuſe their pleaſures only to deſtroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to ſickly greatneſs grown,
Boaſt of a florid vigour not their own.
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated maſs of rank unwieldy woe;
Till ſapp'd their ſtrength, and every part unſound,
Down, down they ſink, and ſpread a ruin round.

Even now the devaſtation is begun,
And half the buſineſs of deſtruction done;
Even now, methinks, as pond'ring here I ſtand,
I ſee the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring veſſel ſpreads the ſail
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Paſs from the ſhore, and darken all the ſtrand.
Contented toil, and hoſpitable care,
And kind connubial tenderneſs, are there;
And piety with wiſhes plac'd above,
And ſteady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, ſweet Poetry, thou lovelieſt maid,
Still firſt to fly where ſenſual joys invade;

Unfit

Unfit in theſe degen'rate times of ſhame,
To catch the heart, or ſtrike for honeſt fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decry'd,
My ſhame in crouds, my ſolitary pride.
Thou ſource of all my bliſs, and all my woe,
That found'ſt me poor at firſt, and keep'ſt me ſo;
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurſe of every virtue, fare thee well,
Farewel, and O! where'er thy voice be try'd,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's ſide,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in ſnow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redreſs the rigours of th' inclement clime;
Aid ſlighted truth, with thy perſuaſive ſtrain;
Teach erring man to ſpurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that ſtates of native ſtrength poſſeſt,
Though very poor, may ſtill be very bleſt;
That trade's proud empire haſtes to ſwift decay,
As ocean ſweeps the labou[illegible]e away;
While ſelf-dependent pow[illegible] can time defy,
As rocks reſiſt the billows and the ſky.

THE

THE GIFT. TO IRIS, IN BOW-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.

SAY, cruel Iris, pretty rake,
Dear mercenary beauty,
What annual off'ring ſhall I make
Expreſſive of my duty.

My heart, a victim to thine eyes,
Should I at once deliver,
Say, would the angry fair-one prize
The gift who ſlights the giver?

A bill, a jewel, watch, or toy,
My rivals give—and let 'em.
If gems, or gold, import a joy,
I'll give them—when I get 'em.

I'll

I'll give—but not the full-blown roſe,
Or roſe-bud more in faſhion;
Such ſhort-liv'd off'rings but diſcloſe
A tranſitory paſſion.

I'll give thee ſomething yet unpaid,
Not leſs ſincere, than civil:
I'll give thee—ah! too charming maid,
I'll give thee—to the devil.

EPITAPH

ON

DR. PARNEL.

THIS tomb inſcribed to gentle PARNEL'S name.
May ſpeak our gratitude, but not his fame.
What heart but feels his ſweetly-moral lay,
That leads to truth through pleaſure's flowery way!
Celeſtial themes confeſs'd his tuneful aid;
And heaven, that lent him genius, was repaid.
Needleſs to him the tribute we beſtow,
The tranſitory breath of fame below:
More laſting rapture from his works ſhall riſe,
While converts thank their poet in the ſkies.

EPI-

EPILOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF THE

SISTERS.

WHAT? five long acts—and all to make us wiſer!
Our authoreſs ſure has wanted an adviſer.
Had ſhe conſulted me, ſhe ſhould have made
Her moral play a ſpeaking maſquerade;
Warm'd up each buſtling ſcene, and in her rage
Have emptied all the green-room on the ſtage.
My life on't, this had kept her play from ſinking;
Have pleas'd our eyes, and ſav'd the pain of thinking.
Well, ſince ſhe thus has ſhewn her want of ſkill,
What if I give a maſquerade?—I will.
But how? ay, there's the rub! [*pauſing*]—I've got my cue:
The world's a maſquerade! the maſquers, you, you, you. [*To Boxes, Pit, and Gallery.*
Lud! what a group the motley ſcene diſcloſes!
Falſe wits, falſe wives, falſe virgins, and falſe ſpouſes!
Stateſmen with bridles on; and, cloſe beſide 'em,
Patriots in party-colour'd ſuits that ride 'em.

There

There Hebes, turn'd of fifty, try once more
To raiſe a flame in Cupids of threeſcore.
Theſe in their turn, with appetites as keen,
Deſerting fifty, faſten on fifteen.
Miſs, not yet full fifteen, with fire uncommon,
Flings down her ſampler, and takes up the woman;
The little urchin ſmiles, and ſpreads her lure,
And tries to kill, ere ſhe's got power to cure.
Thus 'tis with all—their chief and conſtant care
Is to ſeem every thing—but what they are.
Yon broad, bold, angry ſpark, I fix my eye on,
Who ſeems t' have robb'd his vizor from the lion;
Who frowns, and talks, and ſwears, with round parade,
Looking, as who ſhould ſay, dam'me! who's afraid?
[*Mimicking.*
Strip but this vizor off, and ſure I am
You'll find his lionſhip a very lamb.
Yon politician, famous in debate,
Perhaps, to vulgar eyes, beſtrides the ſtate;
Yet, when he deigns his real ſhape t' aſſume,
He turns old woman, and beſtrides a broom.
Yon patriot, too, who preſſes on your ſight,
And ſeems to every gazer, all in white,
If with a bribe his candour you attack,
He bows, turns round, and whip—the man in black!
Yon critic, too—but whither do I run?
If I proceed, our bard will be undone!
Well then a truce, ſince ſhe requeſts it too:
Do you ſpare her, and I'll for once ſpare you.

THE

THE

HAUNCH OF VENISON,

A

POETICAL EPISTLE,

TO

LORD CLARE.

FIRST PRINTED IN M DCC LXV.

THE

HAUNCH OF VENISON,

A

POETICAL EPISTLE,

TO

LORD CLARE.

THANKS, my lord, for your veniſon, for finer or fatter
Never rang'd in a foreſt, or ſmoak'd in a platter;
The haunch was a picture for painters to ſtudy,
The fat was ſo white, and the lean was ſo ruddy;
Though my ſtomach was ſharp, I could ſcarce help regretting,
To ſpoil ſuch a delicate picture by eating;
I had thoughts, in my chambers, to place it in view,
To be ſhewn to my friends as a piece of virtu;
As in ſome Iriſh houſes, where things are ſo ſo,
One gammon of bacon hangs up for a ſhow:

But, for eating a raſher of what they take pride in,
They'd as ſoon think of eating the pan it is fry'd in.
But hold—let me pauſe—don't I hear you pronounce,
This tale of the bacon's a damnable bounce;
Well, ſuppoſe it a bounce—ſure a poet may try,
By a bounce now and then, to get courage to fly.

But, my lord, it's no bounce: I proteſt in my turn,
It's a truth—and your lordſhip may aſk Mr. Burn. *
To go on with my tale—as I gaz'd on the haunch;
I thought of a friend that was truſty and ſtaunch,
So I cut it, and ſent it to Reynolds undreſt,
To paint it, or eat it, juſt as he lik'd beſt,
Of the neck and the breaſt I had next to diſpoſe;
'Twas a neck and a breaſt that might rival Monroe's:
But in parting with theſe I was puzzled again,
With the how, and the who, and the where, and the when.
There's H—d, and C—y, and H—rth, and H—ff,
I think they love veniſon—I know they love beef.
There's my countryman Higgins—Oh! let him alone,
For making a blunder, or picking a bone.
But hang it—to poets who ſeldom can eat,
Your very good mutton's a very good treat;
Such dainties to them their health it might hurt,
It's like ſending them ruffles, when wanting a ſhirt.

* Lord Clare's nephew.

While

While thus I debated, in reverie center'd,
An acquaintance, a friend as he call'd himſelf, entered;
An under-bred, fine-ſpoken fellow was he,
And he ſmil'd as he look'd at the veniſon and me.
"What have we got here?—Why this is good eating!
Your own I ſuppoſe—or is it in waiting?"
"Why whoſe ſhould it be?" cried I with a flounce:
"I get theſe things often—but that was a bounce:
Some lords, my acquaintance, that ſettle the nation,
Are pleas'd to be kind—but I hate oſtentation."

"If that be the caſe then, cried he, very gay,
I'm glad I have taken this houſe in my way.
To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me;
No words—I inſiſt on't—preciſely at *three*:
We'll have Johnſon, and Burke, all the wits will be there;
My acquaintance is ſlight, or I'd aſk my lord Clare.
And, now that I think on't, as I am a ſinner!
We wanted this veniſon to make out a dinner.
What ſay you—a paſty, it ſhall, and it muſt,
And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for cruſt.
Here, porter—this veniſon with me to Mile-end;
No ſtirring—I beg—my dear friend—my dear friend!"
Thus ſnatching his hat, he bruſh'd off like the wind,
And the porter and eatables follow'd behind.

Left alone to reflect, having emptied my ſhelf,
And "nobody with me at ſea but myſelf;"*
Tho' I could not help thinking my gentleman haſty,
Yet Johnſon, and Burke, and a good veniſon paſty,
Were things that I never diſlik'd in my life,
Though clogg'd with a coxcomb, and Kitty his wife.
So next day in due ſplendour to make my approach,
I drove to his door in my own hackney-coach.

When come to the place where we all were to dine,
(A chair-lumber'd cloſet just twelve feet by nine:)
My friend bade me welcome, but ſtruck me quite dumb,
With tidings that Johnſon and Burke would not come;
"For I knew it," he cried, "both eternally fail,
The one with his ſpeeches, and t'other with Thrale;
But no matter, I'll warrant we'll make up the party,
With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty.
The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew,
They both of them merry, and authors like you;
The one writes the Snarler, the other the Scourge;
Some thinks he writes Cinna—he owns to Panurge."
While thus he deſcribed them by trade and by name,
They enter'd, and dinner was ſerv'd as they came.

At the top a fried liver, and bacon were ſeen,
At the bottom was tripe, in a ſwinging tureen;

* See the letters that paſſed between his royal highneſs Henry duke of Cumberland, and lady Groſvenor—12° 1769.

At

At the ſides there was ſpinnage and pudding made hot;
In the middle a place where the paſty—was not.
Now, my lord, as for tripe it's my utter averſion,
And your bacon I hate like a Turk or a Perſian,
So there I ſat ſtuck, like a horſe in a pound,
While the bacon and liver went merrily round:
But what vex'd me moſt, was that d——'d Scottiſh rogue,
With his long-winded ſpeeches, his ſmiles and his brogue,
And, 'madam,' quoth he, "may this bit be my poiſon,
A prettier dinner I never ſet eyes on;
Pray a ſlice of your liver, though may I be curſt,
But I've eat of your tripe, till I'm ready to burſt,"
"The tripe, quoth the Jew, with his chocolate cheek,
I could dine on this tripe ſeven days in a week:
I like theſe here dinners ſo pretty and ſmall;
But your friend there, the doctor, eats nothing at all."
"O—ho! quoth my friend he'll come on in a trice,
He's keeping a corner for ſomething that's nice:
There's a paſty"—"a paſty!" repeated the Jew;
I don't care, if I keep a corner for't too."
What the de'il, mon, a paſty! re-echo'd the Scot;
Though ſplitting, I'll ſtill keep a corner for that."
"We'll all keep a corner, the lady cried out;"
"We'll all keep a corner was echo'd about."
While thus we reſolv'd, and the paſty delay'd,
With looks that quite petrified, enter'd the maid;

A viſage ſo ſad, and ſo pale with affright,
Wak'd Priam in drawing his curtains by night.
But we quickly found out, for who could miſtake her?
That ſhe came with ſome terrible news from the baker:
And ſo it fell out, for that negligent ſloven,
Had ſhut out the paſty on ſhutting his oven.
Sad Philomel thus—but let ſimilies drop—
And now that I think on't, the ſtory may ſtop.
To be plain, my good lord, it's but labour miſplac'd,
To ſend ſuch good verſes to one of your taſte;
You've got an odd ſomething—a kind of diſcerning—
A reliſh—a taſte—ſicken'd over by learning;
At leaſt, it's your temper, as very well known,
That you think very ſlightly of all that's your own:
So, perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiſs,
You may make a miſtake, and think ſlightly of this.

FROM THE

ORATORIO

OF THE

CAPTIVITY.

SONG.

THE wretch condemn'd with life to part,
Still, ſtill on hope relies;
And ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
Bids expectation riſe.

Hope, like the glimm'ring taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And ſtill, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

SONG.

SONG.

O MEMORY! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys, recurring ever,
And turning all the paſt to pain;

Thou, like the world, the oppreſt oppreſſing,
Thy ſmiles increaſe the wretch's woe?
And he who wants each other bleſſing,
In thee muſt ever find a foe.

THE

CLOWN'S REPLY.

JOHN TROTT was desired by two witty peers,
To tell him the reason why asses had ears?
"An't please you," quoth John, "I'm not given
"to letters,
"Nor dare I pretend to know more than my betters.
"Howe'er from this time I shall ne'er see your graces,
"As I hope to be sav'd! without thinking on asses."

Edinburgh, 1753.

EPI.

EPITAPH

ON

EDWARD PURDON.*

HERE lies poor N. PURDON, from miſery freed,
Who long was a bookſeller's hack:
He led ſuch a damnable life in this world,—
I don't think he'll wiſh to come back.

* This gentleman was educated at Trinity College, Dublin; but having waſted his patrimony, he enliſted as a foot ſoldier. Growing tired of that employment, he obtained his diſcharge, and became a ſcribbler in the newſpapers. He tranſlated Voltaire's HENRIADE.

AN

ELEGY

ON THE

GLORY OF HER SEX,

MRS. MARY BLAIZE.

GOOD people all, with one accord,
Lament for madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word——
From thoſe who ſpoke her praiſe.

The needy ſeldom paſs'd her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor,—
Who left a pledge behind.

She ſtrove the neighbourhood to pleaſe,
With manners wond'rous winning;
And never follow'd wicked ways,
Unleſs when ſhe was ſinning.

At

At church, in ſilks and ſatins new,
With hoop of monſtrous ſize;
She never ſlumber'd in her pew,—
But when ſhe ſhut her eyes.

Her love was ſought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The king himſelf has followed her,—
When ſhe has walk'd before.

But now her wealth and finer [illegible]ed,
Her hangers-on cut ſhort all;
The doctors found, when ſhe was dead,—
Her laſt diſorder mortal.

Let us lament, in ſorrow ſore,
For Kent-ſtreet well may ſay,
That had ſhe liv'd a twelvemonth more,—
She had not dy'd to-day.

RETALIATION:

A

POEM,

FIRST PRINTED IN M DCC LXXIV.

AFTER THE AUTHOR'S DEATH.

Dr. Goldſmith and ſome of his friends occaſionally dined at the St. James's Coffee-houſe—One day it was propoſed to write epitaphs on him. His country, dialect, and perſon, furniſhed ſubjects of witicism. He was called on for RETALIATION, and at their next meeting produced the following poem.

RETALIATION:

A

POEM.

OF old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each gueſt brought his diſh, and the feaſt was united,
If our *landlord ſupplies us with beef, and with fiſh,
Let each gueſt bring himſelf, and he brings the beſt diſh:
Our †dean ſhall be veniſon, juſt *freſh from the plains*;
Our ‡Burke ſhall be tongue, with the garniſh of brains;
Our §Will ſhall be wild fowl, of excellent flavour,
And ||Dick with his pepper ſhall heighten the ſavour:

* The maſter of the St. James's coffee-houſe, where the doctor, and the friends he has characterized in this poem, occaſionally dined.

† Doctor Bernard, dean of Derry in Ireland.

‡ Mr. Edmund Burke.

§ Mr. William Burke, late ſecretary to general Conway, and member for Bedwin.

|| Mr. Richard Burke, collector of Granada.

Our *Cumberland's ſweet-bread its place ſhall obtain,
And † Douglas is pudding, ſubſtantial and plain:
Our ‡ Garrick's a ſallad; for in him we ſee
Oil, vinegar, ſugar, and ſaltneſs agree:
To make out the dinner, full certain I am,
That § Ridge is anchovy, and || Reynolds is lamb;
That ¶ Hickey's a capon, and by the ſame rule,
Magnanimous Goldſmith, a gooſberry fool.
At a dinner ſo various, at ſuch a repaſt,
Who'd not be a glutton, and ſtick to the laſt?
Here, waiter, more wine, let me ſit while I'm able,
'Till all my companions ſink under the table;
Then, with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

* Mr. Richard Cumberland, author of the Weſt Indian, Fashionable Lover, the Brothers, and other dramatic pieces.

† Doctor Douglas, canon of Windſor, an ingenious Scotch gentleman, who has no leſs diſtinguiſhed himſelf as a citizen of the world, than a ſound critic, in detecting ſeveral literary miſtakes (or rather forgeries) of his countrymen; particularly Lauder on Milton, and Bower's Hiſtory of the Popes.

‡ David Garrick, eſq;

§ Counſellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the Iriſh bar.

|| Sir Joſhua Reynolds.

¶ An eminent attorney.

Here

Here lies the good * dean, re-united to earth,
Who mixt reaſon with pleaſure, and wiſdom with mirth:
If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt,
At leaſt, in ſix weeks I cou'd not find 'em out;
Yet ſome have declar'd, and it can't be denied 'em,
That fly-boots was curſedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good † Edmund, whoſe genius was ſuch,
We ſcarcely can praiſe it, or blame it too much;
Who, born for the univerſe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
Though fraught with all learning, yet ſtraining his throat,
To perſuade ‡ Tommy Townſhend to lend him a vote;
Who, too deep for his hearers, ſtill went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining;
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit,
Too nice for a ſtateſman, too proud for a wit;
For a patriot too cool; for a drudge, diſobedient;
And too fond of the *right* to purſue the *expedient*.
In ſhort, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or in place, ſir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

* Vide page 97. † Ibid.

‡ Mr. T. Townſhend, member for Whitchurch.

Here lies honeſt * William, whoſe heart was a mint,
While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was in't;
The pupil of impulſe, it forc'd him along,
His conduct ſtill right, with his argument wrong;
Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
The coachman was tipſey, the chariot drove home;
Would you aſk for his merits? alas! he had none;
What was good was ſpontaneous, his faults were his own.

Here lies honeſt Richard, whoſe fate I muſt ſigh at;
Alas, that ſuch frolic ſhould now be ſo quiet!
What ſpirits were his! what wit and what whim!
† Now breaking a jeſt, and now breaking a limb!
Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball!
Now teazing and vexing, yet laughing at all!
In ſhort, ſo provoking a devil was dick,
That we wiſh'd him full ten times a day at old nick;
But, miſſing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wiſh'd to have Dick back again.

* Vide page 97.

† Mr. Richard Burke; vide page 97. This gentleman having ſlightly fractured one of his arms and legs, at different times, the doctor has rallied him on thoſe accidents, as a kind of retributive juſtice for breaking his jeſts upon other people.

Here

Here * Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;
A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
His gallants are all faultleſs, his women divine,
And comedy wonders at being ſo fine;
Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,
Or rather like tragedy giving a rout.
His fools have their follies ſo loſt in a crowd
Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud,
And coxcombs alike in their failings alone,
Adopting his portraits are pleas'd with their own.
Say, where has our poet this malady caught?
Or, wherefore his characters thus without fault?
Say, was it that vainly directing his view
To find out mens virtues, and finding them few,
Quite ſick of purſuing each troubleſome elf,
He grew lazy at laſt, and drew from himſelf?

Here † Douglas retires from his toils to relax,
The ſcourge of impoſtors, the terror of quacks:
Come, all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,
Come, and dance on the ſpot where your tyrant reclines:
When ſatire and cenſure encircled his throne,
I fear'd for your ſafety, I fear'd for my own;

* Vide p. 98. † Ibid.

52619

But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
Our * Dodds ſhall be pious, our † Kenricks ſhall lecture;
‡ Macpherſon write bombaſt, and call it a ſtyle,
Our § Townſhend make ſpeeches, and I ſhall compile;
New || Lawders and Bowers the Tweed ſhall croſs over,
No countryman living their tricks to diſcover;
Detection her taper ſhall quench to a ſpark,
And Scotchman meet Scotchman and cheat in the dark.

Here lies ¶ David Garrick, deſcribe me who can,
An abridgement of all that was pleaſant in man;
As an actor, confeſt without rival to ſhine:
As a wit, if not firſt, in the very firſt line:
Yet, with talents like theſe, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he ſpread,
And beplaſter'd with rouge, his own natural red.
On the ſtage he was natural, ſimple, affecting;
'Twas only that, when he was off, he was acting.
With no reaſon on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a-day:

* The Rev. Dr. Dodd.

† Dr. Kenrick, who read lectures at the Devil tavern, under the title of "The School of Shakeſpeare."

‡ James Macpherſon, eſq; who lately, from the mere force of his ſtyle, wrote down the firſt poet of all antiquity.

§ Vide page 99. || Vide page 98. ¶ Vide page 98.

Though

Though ſecure of our hearts, yet confoundedly ſick,
If there were not his own by fineſſing and trick:
He caſt off his friends, as a huntſman his pack,
For he knew when he pleas'd he could whiſtle them back.
Of praiſe a mere glutton, he ſwallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce, he miſtook it for fame;
'Till his reliſh grown callous, almoſt to diſeaſe,
Who pepper'd the higheſt, was ſureſt to pleaſe.
But let us be candid, and ſpeak out our mind,
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye * Kenricks, ye † Kellys, and ‡ Woodfalls ſo grave.
What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave?
How did Grub-ſtreet re-echo the ſhouts that you rais'd,
While he was be-Roſcius'd, and you were beprais'd?
But peace to his ſpirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel and mix with the ſkies:
Thoſe poets, who owe their beſt fame to his ſkill,
Shall ſtill be his flatterers, go where he will,
Old Shakeſpeare, receive him, with praiſe and with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his † Kellys above

* Vide page 102.

† Mr. Hugh Kelly, author of Falſe Delicacy, Word to the Wife, Clementina, School for Wives, &c. &c.

‡ Mr. William Woodfall, printer of the Morning Chronicle.

Here * Hickey reclines, a moſt blunt, pleaſant creature,
And ſlander itſelf muſt allow him good nature;
He cheriſh'd his friend, and he reliſh'd a bumper;
Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper.
Perhaps you may aſk if the man was a miſer:
I anſwer no, no, for he always was wiſer:
Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat?
His very worſt foe can't accuſe him of that:
Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
And ſo was too fooliſhly honeſt? ah no!
Then what was his failing? come tell it, and burn ye,—
He was, could he help it? a ſpecial attorney.

Here † Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiſer or better behind;
His pencil was ſtriking, reſiſtleſs and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart:
To coxcombs averſe, yet moſt civily ſteering,
When they judg'd without ſkill he was ſtill hard of hearing:
When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Corregios and ſtuff,
He ſhifted his ‡ trumpet, and only took ſnuff.

* Vide page 98. † Ibid

‡ Sir Joſhua Reynolds is ſo remarkably deaf as to be under the neceſſity of uſing an ear-trumpet in company.

POST-

POSTSCRIPT.

AFTER the fourth edition of this poem was printed, the publiſher received the following epitaph on Mr. Whitefoord,* from a friend of the late doctor Goldſmith.

HERE Whitefoord reclines, and deny it who can,
Though he merrily lived, he is now a † grave man:
Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun!
Who reliſh'd a joke, and rejoic'd in a pun;
Whoſe temper was generous, open, ſincere;
A ſtranger to flatt'ry, a ſtranger to fear;
Who ſcatter'd around wit and humour at will;
Whoſe daily *bons mots* half a column might fill:
A Scotchman, from pride and from prejudice free;
A ſcholar, yet ſurely no pedant was he.

What pity, alas! that ſo lib'ral a mind
Should ſo long be to news-paper eſſays confin'd!
Who perhaps to the ſummit of ſcience could ſoar,
Yet content "if the table he ſet in a roar;"

* Mr. Caleb Whitefoord, author of many humorous eſſays

† Mr. W. was ſo notorious a punſter, that doctor Goldſmith uſed to ſay it was impoſſible to keep him company, without being infected with the itch of punning.

Whoſe

Whoſe talents to fill any ſtation was fit,
Yet happy if Woodfall* confeſs'd him a wit.

Ye news-paper witlings! ye pert ſcribbling folks!
Who copied his ſquibs, and re-echoed his jokes;
Ye tame imitators, ye ſervile herd, come,
Still follow your maſter, and viſit his tomb:
To deck it, bring with you feſtoons of the vine,
And copious libations beſtow on his ſhrine;
Then ſtrew all around it (you can do no leſs)
‡ *Croſs-readings, ſhip-news,* and *miſtakes of the preſs.*

Merry Whitefoord, farewel! for thy ſake I admit
That a Scot may have humour, I had almoſt ſaid wit:
This debt to thy mem'ry I cannot refuſe,
"Thou beſt humour'd man with the worſt humour'd
"muſe."

* Mr. H. S. Woodfall, printer of the Publick Advertiſer.

‡ Mr. Whitefoord has frequently indulged the town with humorous pieces under thoſe titles in the Public Advertiſer.

SONG.

SONG.

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SUNG IN THE COMEDY OF "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER." *

AH me! when ſhall I marry me?
Lovers are plenty; but fail to relieve me.
He, fond youth, that could carry me,
Offers to love, but means to deceive me.

* Sir, I ſend you a ſmall production of the late Dr. Goldſmith, which has never been publiſhed, and which might perhaps have been totally loſt, had I not ſecured it. He intended it as a ſong in the character of Miſs Hardcaſtle, in his admirable comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer," but it was left out, as Mrs. Bulkley, who play'd the part, did not ſing. He ſung it himſelf, in private companies very agreeably. The tune is a pretty Iriſh air, called "The Humours of Balamagairy," to which he told me he found it very difficult to adapt words; but he has ſucceeded very happily in theſe few lines. As I could ſing

But I will rally and combat the ruiner:
Not a look, not a ſmile ſhall my paſſion diſcover.
She that gives all to the falſe one purſuing her,
Makes but a penitent, and loſes a lover.

ſing the tune, and was fond of them, he was ſo good as to give me them, about a year ago, juſt as I was leaving London, and bidding him adieu for that ſeaſon, little apprehending that it was a laſt farewel. I preſerve this little relic, in his own hand writing, with an affectionate care. I am, Sir,

Your humble ſervant,

JAMES BOSWELL.

PROLOGUE

TO

ZOBEIDE: A TRAGEDY.

WRITTEN BY

JOSEPH CRADDOCK, ESQ.

ACTED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,

M DCC LXXII.

SPOKEN BY MR. QUICK.

IN theſe bold times, when Learning's ſons explore,
The diſtant climates, and the ſavage ſhore;
When wiſe *aſtronomers* to India ſteer,
And quit for Venus many a brighter here;
While *botaniſts*, all cold to ſmiles and dimpling,
Forſake the fair, and patiently—go ſimpling,
Our bard into the general ſpirit enters,
And fits his little frigate for adventures.

With

With *Scythian* ſtores, and trinkets deeply laden;
He this way ſteers his courſe, in hopes of trading—
Yet ere he lands he as order'd me before,
To make an obſervation on the ſhore,
Where are we driven? our reckoning ſure is loſt!
This ſeems a rocky and a dangerous coaſt.
Lord, what a ſultry climate am I under!
Yon ill-foreboding cloud ſeems big with thunder:
(Upper gallery.)
There mangroves ſpread, and larger than I've
ſeen 'em— *(Pit.)*
Here trees of ſtately ſize—and billing turtles in
'em— *(Balconies.)*
Here ill-conditioned oranges abound— *(Stage.)*
And apples, bitter apples ſtrew the ground:
(Taſting them.)
The inhabitants are canibals I fear:
I heard a hiſſing—there are ſerpents here!
O, there the people are—beſt keep my diſtance;
Our Captain (gentle natives) craves aſſiſtance;
Our ſhip's well ſtor'd—in yonder creek we've laid her,
His honour is no mercenary trader.
This is his firſt adventure, lend him aid,
And we may chance to drive a thriving trade.

His

His goods, he hopes, are prime, and brought from
far,
Equally fit for gallantry and war.
What, no reply to promiſes ſo ample?
—I'd beſt ſtep back—and order up a ſample.

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY

MR. LEE LEWES,

IN THE CHARACTER OF HARLEQUIN, AT HIS BENEFIT.

HOLD! Prompter, hold! a word before your nonſenſe;
I'd ſpeak a word or two, to eaſe my conſcience.
My pride forbids it ever ſhould be ſaid,
My heels eclips'd the honours of my head;
That I found humour in a pyeball veſt,
Or ever thought that jumping was a jeſt.
[*Takes off his maſk.*
Whence, and what art thou, viſionary birth?
Nature diſowns, and reaſon ſcorns thy mirth,
In thy black aſpect every paſſion ſleeps,
The joy that dimples, and the woe that weeps.
How haſt thou fill'd the ſcene with all thy brood,
Of fools purſuing, and of fools purſu'd!

Whoſe

Whoſe ins and outs no ray of ſenſe diſcloſes,
Whoſe only plot it is to break our noſes;
Whilſt from below the trap-door *Dæmons* riſe,
And from above the dangling deities;
And ſhall I mix in this unhallow'd crew?
May roſin'd lightning blaſt me, if I do!
No—I will act, I'll vindicate the ſtage:
Shakeſpeare himſelf ſhall feel my tragic rage.
Off! off! vile trappings! a new paſſion reigns!
The mad'ning monarch revels in my veins.
Oh! for a Richard's voice to catch the theme:
Give me another horſe! bind up my wounds!—
ſoft—'twas but a dream.
Aye, 'twas but a dream, for now there's no retreating
If I ceaſe Harlequin, I ceaſe from eating.
'Twas thus that Æſop's ſtag, a creature blameleſs,
Yet ſomething vain, like one that ſhall be nameleſs,
Once on the margin of a fountain ſtood,
And cavill'd at his image in the flood.
"The deuce confound," he cries, "theſe drumſtick
"ſhanks,
"They never have my gratitude nor thanks;
"They're perfectly diſgraceful! ſtrike me dead!
"But for a head, yes, yes, I have a head.

"How piercing is that eye! how ſleek that brow!
"My horns! I'm told horns are the faſhion now."
Whilſt thus he ſpoke, aſtoniſh'd! to his view,
Near, and more near, the hounds and huntſmen drew.
Hoicks! hark forward! came thundering from behind,
He bounds aloft, outſtrips the fleeting wind:
He quits the woods, and tries the beaten ways;
He ſtarts, he pants, he takes the circling maze.
At length his ſilly head, ſo priz'd before,
Is taught his former folly to deplore;
Whilſt his ſtrong limbs conſpire to ſet him free,
And at one bound he ſaves himſelf, like me.

[*Taking a jump through the ſtage door.*

THE

LOGICIANS REFUTED.

IN IMITATION OF DEAN SWIFT.

LOGICIANS have but ill defin'd
As rational the human mind;
Reaſon, they ſay, belongs to man,
But let them prove it if they can.
Wiſe Ariſtotle and Smigleſius,
By Ratiocinations ſpecious,
Have ſtrove to prove with great preciſion,
With definition and diviſion,
Homo eſt ratione preditum;
But for my ſoul I cannot credit 'em.
And muſt in ſpite of them maintain,
That man and all his ways are vain;
And that this boaſted lord of nature,
Is both a weak and erring creature.

That inſtinct is a ſurer guide,
Than reaſon boaſting mortals pride;
And that brute beaſts are far before 'em,
Deus eſt anima brutorum.
Whoever knew an honeſt brute,
At law his neighbour proſecute,
Bring action for aſſault and battery,
Or friend beguile with lies and flattery.
O'er plains they ramble unconfin'd,
No politics diſturb their mind;
They eat their meals, and take their ſport,
Nor know who's in or out at court,
They never to the levee go
To treat as deareſt friend, a foe:
They never importune his grace,
Nor ever cringe to men in place;
Nor undertake a dirty job,
Nor draw the quill to write for Bob,
Fraught with invective they ne'er go,
To folks at Pater-noſter Row:
No judges, fidlers, dancing maſters,
No pickpockets, or poetaſters,
Are known to honeſt quadrupeeds,
No ſingle brute his fellows leads.

Brutes

Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
Nor cut each others throats for pay.
Of beaſts, it is confeſs'd, the ape
Comes neareſt us in human ſhape,
Like man he imitates each faſhion,
And malice is his ruling paſſion:
But both in malice and grimaces,
A courtier any ape ſurpaſſes.
Behold him humbly cringing wait,
Upon the miniſter of ſtate:
View him ſoon after to inferiors
Aping the conduct of ſuperiors:
He promiſes with equal air,
And to perform takes equal care.
He in his turn finds imitators,
At court, the porters, lacques, waiters,
Their maſter's manners ſtill contract,
And footmen, lords and dukes can act.
Thus at the court, both great and ſmall,
Behave alike, for all ape all.

STAN-

STANZAS

ON THE

TAKING OF QUEBEC.

AMIDST the clamour of exulting joys,
Which triumph forces from the patriot heart;
Grief dares to mingle her ſoul-piercing voice,
And quells the raptures which from pleaſures ſtart.

O, Wolfe, to thee a ſtreaming flood of woe,
Sighing we pay, and think e'en conqueſt dear;
Quebec in vain ſhall teach our breaſt to glow,
Whilſt thy ſad fate extorts the heart-wrung tear.

Alive the foe thy dreadful vigour fled,
And ſaw the fall with joy-pronouncing eyes
Yet they ſhall know thou conqu
Since from thy tomb a thouſa

ON A BEAUTIFUL YOUTH STRUCK BLIND BY LIGHTENING.

IMITATED FROM THE SPANISH.

SURE 'twas by Providence design'd,
Rather in pity, than in hate,
That he shou'd be, like cupid, blind,
To save him from Narcissus' face.

A SON-

A SONNET.

WEEPING, murmuring, complaining,
Loſt to every gay delight;
Myra, too ſincere for feigning,
Fears th' approaching bridal night.

Yet why impair thy bright perfection!
Or dim thy beauty with a tear?
Had Myra follow'd my direction,
She long had wanted cauſe of fear.

END OF VOL. I.

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